

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1113 SEPTEMBER 1958

The Session	MARK BONHAM CARTER, M.P.
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Literary Supplement—Contributors: Robert Blackburn, Captain Malcolm D. Kennedy, Admiral Robert N. Bax, Dr. Richard Barkeley, Dr. Norman Bentwich, Professor H. G. Wood, Grace Banyard.

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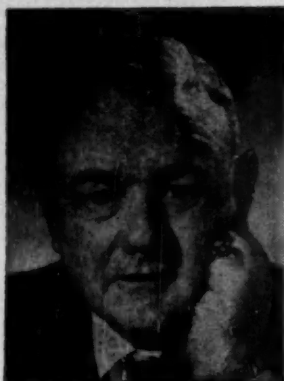


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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE . LONDON W.C.2

THE SESSION

I BECAME a Member of Parliament in April, 1958, and my impressions of the House of Commons this summer are bound to be those of a newcomer comparing expectations and preconceptions with the working of the institution in practice. This summer, at any rate, the best speeches were made by ex-Ministers who had resigned and felt able to express their thoughts, however disagreeable, to friends and opponents. The best debates were made by the back benchers and not by the occupants of the front benches on either side of the House. There is some talk these days about the futility of contemporary politics, and there are a number of people, some not without political experience, who suggest that under present conditions the House of Commons has ceased to control effectively the machine of government. In so far as this is true, it is largely the responsibility of the two front benches.

Until Whitsun there appeared to be a conspiracy between them not to discuss anything important, and, apart from the Budget, the bus strike was the only occasion when a matter of urgent public interest and concern was debated, whereupon the minister concerned, Mr. Macleod, suggested quite seriously, and perhaps sincerely, that it was really a great mistake for the House of Commons to discuss the matter at all. This remark drew the inevitable rebuke from Mr. Gaitskell, but as the summer wore on I wondered with what justification he delivered it. Between Easter and Whitsun, for instance, the House was largely occupied with the Committee stages of the Local Government Bill and the Finance Bill. Meanwhile there was a crisis brewing in the Middle East, a revolution in France, the Government were said to have decided on a policy for Cyprus, there were a number of industrial disputes, and the Prime Minister was about to visit the President of the United States to discuss the world economic situation and defence. Apart from the bus strike none of these issues was discussed in the House, and for this the Labour Opposition must bear as much responsibility as the Government.

It was hardly to be expected that the Government would wish to discuss these matters, for Mr. Macmillan, an opportunist if ever there was one, plays politics by ear. In economic affairs this is the Government's deliberate policy. In other matters they give the impression of waiting on events. The drop in the price of our imports and the outflow of dollars from America represent a reward for this policy; Cyprus, the Middle East, the West's apparently permanent paralysis in the cold war, the price we all have to pay.

The Labour Party, however, steadfastly refused to exploit this opportunity. They have manoeuvred themselves into a position in which every major issue is too hot to handle. The defence debate, which was probably the best debate this summer, took place in Government time. Earlier, the Labour Party had preferred to discuss disarmament and produced an innocuous debate which spent itself in a desert of words, and, indeed, when the defence debate at last took place it produced some of the most impressive speeches of the session, all of them attacking the Government's policy. But these speeches came from Mr. Head and Mr. Birch, Mr. Wigg and Mr. Crossman—not from Mr. Sandys or Mr. Brown. Indeed, conspiracy, conscious or unconscious, between front benches has seldom been more flagrantly demonstrated than on this occasion. Mr. Sandys read his state-

ment with some apparent difficulty, whether because its contents did not appeal to him or because the empty phrases with which it was filled were not his own I do not pretend to know. Mr. Brown then held the House by brute force and volume for some fifty-six minutes. His performance was cruelly described by Mr. Birch: "I think the speech of The Right Honourable Member for Belper (Mr. George Brown) was a very bad one indeed. He has a voice like a circular saw and a brain of feathers." It was then that Mr. Head spoke, and for the first time that afternoon the House of Commons started to sound like a great and important institution. Mr. Head speaks without notes and he completes his sentences. He was in a somewhat difficult position as an ex-Minister of Defence assaulting the policy of his successor. But it was a deeply impressive performance, and the passage in which he took the Army to bits and demonstrated that, if the policy of Mr. Sandys was followed, this country "would be left with 12,000 or 13,000 men for our world-wide commitments, excluding the strategic reserve" was all the more devastating for the tentative manner in which it was delivered. After Mr. Head's speech, no one, with the exception of Sir John Smyth, attempted seriously to defend the Government. Mr. Birch, Mr. Wigg and Mr. Crossman took up the points which had been made, and it really seemed that as a result of back bench pressure from both sides of the House the Government were in a serious difficulty. Even Mr. Mellish's rather extraordinary oration did not diminish the sense of tension, although it provided comic relief—particularly when the Under-Secretary of State for Air made an unsolicited intervention to inform the House that Transport Command was even weaker than we supposed.

As I listened to this debate I thought that on this occasion at least the Government would have to answer some of the questions which had been asked. I was wrong, for Mr. Strachey gave a brilliant demonstration of how to get the Government off the hook. By rubbing in the connection between defence and foreign policy, he slowly but surely drove the Tory critics back into the arms of their party leaders; by failing to drive home the issues that had been raised he reduced the debate to a pedestrian level. Until he got up Mr. Ward must have had an uncomfortable afternoon. As it was he was able to mumble through a speech of almost unbelievable irrelevance and to sit down three minutes before he had to, claiming that "I simply have not the time" to deal with some (any) of the questions raised.

Mr. Macmillan's parliamentary performance this summer has been the subject of much laudatory comment in the Press, and it is certainly true that his debating technique was religiously followed by his colleagues. The technique consists of saying what an excellent debate has taken place, what admirable points have been made, and then proceeding to make a speech which answers none of them. He did this in the debates on the bus strike, Cyprus, and most notably on American intervention in Lebanon.

Mr. Grimond brought the House squarely up to the fence. Was this action part of any general policy or not? The Prime Minister's speech left no one any the wiser. It must, however, be admitted that his words appeared to give satisfaction and self-confidence to his party and to bewitch the lobby correspondents. To me he remained an enigma—an opportunist and a politician, a civilised man and an intellectual, most certainly he

seemed to be these. But in addition there are traces of the actor who cannot quite conceal the acting but who does conceal the man behind.

MARK BONHAM CARTER

BRITISH POLICY IN THE MIDDLE EAST

THE situation in the Middle East is so fluid that it is difficult to know whether what one writes one day may not be quite out of date by the next. Nevertheless there appear to be certain fundamental points which should be valid whatever the conditions are there at any particular moment. The first point that should be apparent to any government which is concerned with Middle East policy, but does not, alas, appear to be understood by our own, is that Arab nationalism has come to stay, and that it is likely to spread to every Arab country in the Middle East. It will not just disappear because Britain, America or France choose to put their heads in the sand and say it is not there. Whether it is a movement that is good or bad, whether its leaders are men of great patriotism or only out for their own advantage, is a question that can be discussed in a moment, but the fact that it is there and that it will continue to grow appears quite indisputable. If this is so it follows that we have to plan our policy on the assumption that we shall, in future, be dealing with Arab States—or possibly a single Arab State—whose people are in a highly emotional condition and are intensely suspicious of anything that the Western Powers propose and any action they take. We start, indeed, with a very great disadvantage as compared with the Russians who, in spite of all the peoples—both in Europe and Asia—they have conquered and kept under their rule, are still not Imperialists in the eyes of the great majority of the Arabs.

Although the Russians may start with certain advantages this is a very different matter to supposing, as some people do, that they have already won the battle. This can, indeed, be the only logical conclusion of those (and there are many) who maintain that Arab nationalism is synonymous with Communism. The inability to distinguish between the two—or it may be an inability to know which one dislikes the more—does untold harm to British and American foreign policy. Neither Government seems to have any understanding of the frame of mind of the uncommitted nations. They are told in so many words, "If you are not for us we must assume you are against us." The Russians, on the other hand, have a perfectly clear conception of what neutrality means, and look upon neutrals not as people who have let them down by not joining them, but as people who must be "wooed" and not nagged if they are to be won over. This accounts for much of their success not only in the Middle East but elsewhere. If once we could make up our minds to treat Arabs, not as potential Communists, but as people who have found themselves after many hundreds of years and are willing to strike a bargain with any country that will treat them as equals, we shall have taken a long step towards a successful Middle Eastern policy. We have, however, a very severe handicap—but one of which we should be proud—and that is our refusal to let down our friends in Israel. It would, indeed, be quite monstrous if we were ever to consider doing so, since we ourselves set up the State of Israel, which has been an outstanding success. The Russians, on the other hand, have no compunction

whatever in throwing it over if it suits them, and posing as the champions of militant Arab nationalism which seeks to destroy Israel.

In spite of these very great handicaps, however, there is much that we could do if only we had the imagination and the courage to do it, once we have recognized that Arab nationalism has come to stay. The most important thing to my mind is to show that we are the champions of democracy in the Middle East as well as in the West. Unfortunately today we give all our support to established governments, however they come to be established and however reactionary they may be in their social and economic policy. In Iraq Britain supported the regime of Nuri Said, which was very far even from a democracy, let alone a social democracy. In Jordan she supports King Hussein, who may be a very brave young man, but who represents neither democracy nor a better standard of living. In Arabia America has continually supported the dictatorship of Ibn Saud, who was invited to America as the guest of President Eisenhower and presented to the American people as a great upholder of democracy, in spite of the fact that his is one of the few countries in the world where slavery is reported still to exist. It is high time that we made it clear that we would prefer democracies, and equalitarian democracies if possible, to dictatorships in the Middle East. It is, indeed, not always easy to ascertain whether a government that has come into power through a revolution is democratic in its aims. It is quite plainly not a democracy if it refuses to hold elections. But it may hold them and still be undemocratic if the elections are carefully "rigged" to secure a permanent majority for the government—as in a provincial election held not long ago in a certain Asiatic country, where the government was said to have secured 102 per cent of the votes cast. It is easier, however, to tell whether a government intends to spread the nation's wealth more evenly among the population than it was before. Here it would seem that Nasser has succeeded in bringing about a somewhat fairer distribution of the national wealth than existed under Farouk. We should welcome this improvement, even if it is accompanied by other aspects of Nasser's rule which are far less attractive, just as we should surely welcome his decision to give votes to women.

The second thing we could do concerns the State of Israel. If there is to be peace in the Middle East there must be some form of guarantee of the frontiers of Israel by the Great Powers, preferably through the United Nations, a guarantee that would apply equally to an attack by Arabs upon Jews or Jews upon Arabs. Only when both sides know that armed attack will not pay can we be quite sure of an Arab-Israeli war not breaking out. Any guarantee must, however, stipulate that there shall not be provocation of the kind that was carried out by Egypt before Israel invaded her. Nor must there be economic warfare, such as the Arab States have carried on against Israel for many years. It is quite intolerable that foreign firms (including British) should be told that if they trade with Israel they will be boycotted by the Arab States. Yet such has been the case, and the British Government has done nothing about it.

Up to now we have considered mainly the political problems of the Middle East, but the economic problems too are immense. Some countries, such as Iraq and Arabia, have vast oil revenues, yet even these, with the

exception of Kuwait and Bahrein, do not give their inhabitants incomes in any way comparable with those of the inhabitants of Europe, still less of America. When we come to the countries which have no oil, the task of raising their standard of living to a European level or even, in some cases, of keeping it up to its present level, is almost overwhelming. Jordan has virtually no economic resources whatever, other than her soil, much of which is incapable unless irrigated of producing more than a bare living to those who till it. Egypt, of course, has the Nile, but she also has a rapidly expanding population which it will be quite impossible for any Egyptian Government to feed adequately, even if the Aswam Dam were built, while Syria is in much the same position. We can only hope that Nasser will take the same sensible attitude to a rapid growth of population that has been taken by Nehru and Mao Tse-Tung. The growth of population is, of course, one of the main reasons behind Nasser's drive for a United Arab Republic. If he could secure the oil resources of Iraq and Arabia, to say nothing of Kuwait and Bahrein, and use them to help those Arab countries without oil, there would be some hope for the latter. It is not just a question of resources, however. All the resources of the Middle East are of no avail unless the peoples of the Middle East are able and willing to put them to good use. They will require capital and technical help from other countries, and they will require something of the spirit that has enabled Israel to turn her deserts into rich farm lands.

In conclusion I would suggest that British policy, if it is to succeed, must be based on reality, and have a clear idea as to what it is aiming at, neither of which it would seem to have today. If it is to be based on reality it must accept Arab nationalism as something that is a fact, and make no further efforts either to put the clock back or even to hold it at the exact point of time which it has now reached. What of its aims? There should, I believe, be three. First to secure peace throughout the whole of the Middle East, not just freedom from a major war but freedom from any sort of war at all. Second, to ensure that the Middle East does not become a Russian sphere of influence. This does not mean that it must therefore become a British or American sphere; it means rather that it should be kept out of anyone's sphere—which is what the Arabs themselves would prefer. Third, that we and the Americans should join with the Russians in a great plan to raise the standard of living of all those who make their home in the Middle East.

JOHN DUGDALE

ALFRED NOYES

ALFRED NOYES gave to English letters, what he gave also in his later life to the service of Catholic culture, a mind marked above all by range, balance and vigour. It was helped by an extraordinary memory, and placed at the service of imagination, with a delicate sense of traditional values. He has lately told his own story in *Memories of Two Worlds*. He was at home both in England and in the United States, in the world of letters and among men of affairs, and at the same time whether looking at the Universe from the point of view of the scientist, or from that of the believer. He might then well have said "I lived in six worlds" and in each lived with the fullest zest. He has been a happy and

successful man all through his life. Fame had reached out to meet him before he left Oxford, and at thirty he was, or looked like, the most popular poet alive in either Britain or America. *The Highwayman* and *Lilacs and Kew* were immense favourites with the people, the former for the drama which made it effective to recite, the latter for the lilting music which hit off the mood of what it set out to portray. These popular pieces were very different from the work to which he devoted his main poetic energy: long epics such as the *Drake*. He then found an epic subject in the history of astronomy: *The Torchbearers*. This he later worked in with his increasing interest in religion so that at the end he provided more than any poet of the time a synthesis of astronomy, religion, philosophy, and mysticism worked out with an impressive vigour.

Nothing is to be gained by an attempt to estimate his place in the history of poetry. Apart from the popular pieces mentioned he produced no piece, no line which has caught the ear of the public and become a part of the language. As time went on the taste turned to the moderns, away from what he had to offer. The result is that few today are even aware of the amount of vigorous work, often of the highest interest, which he left in his various volumes of verse. He said of Raleigh: "He had been a school-boy in the morning of the world," and he looked with just that sort of eye on the world he inherited from the high Victorian time. He loved it as he found it and honoured all his life the poets he met in his own morning—Tennyson, Meredith, Swinburne. In this he was at one with Lord Dunsany who has preceded him by a few months into the timeless world. Both regarded with an amused scorn the changes in poetic method which came over from America with Ezra Pound, and both delighted to make parodies of it. What they asked of an idea was what Meredith asked: "Is it accepted of song?"; and song for them was never in a minor key. Not that Noyes was unaware of the changes which made the new poets voice misgiving, but if he chose to write of it, he never mingled it with his lyrical verse. He wrote satire direct and continued to do so till his day ended. He felt extremely cynical about the way things worked out in the war and the changes that followed it; but there were things he felt it safer not to trumpet to the world. Occasionally a satirical verse would be allowed to appear, but he released most of his cynicism in prose satire. And there at the very last he displayed a phenomenal adroitness.

His tireless vigour and feats of memory enabled him to face undismayed the loss of sight which he owed at the approach to the age of seventy to the incompetence of an American specialist. He could thus astonish his hearers by doing what one of Wordsworth's young friends described as "reading without a book." Line after line was fixed in memory to be poured forth at will as they had been by Wordsworth before him. The dim light which was left him enabled him to see the figures on a chessboard and to the last he could play an excellent game, looking back to the time when Oxford made him a chess blue. Although dependent on a secretary for both reading and writing, he kept up all his interests and was busy till within a few weeks of his death with what the day offered. One year he turned to the defence of Swinburne, and after that he essayed the knight's errantry of redeeming Roger Casement from the aspersions he had in earlier years cast on his name. He was convinced that the case against him

had been "cooked." In his vigour there was to the last a certain zest in combat. In talk he fought old battles again, now with some erring man of letters, now with those who had impugned his religious orthodoxy.

Each of his marriages—both were extremely happy—played an important part in his career. The first completed those links with America which so strongly affected the texture of his genius—for he was in the United States always admired as poet and critic and could secure enormous audiences each time he chose to speak. His second marriage however established him in an ample English house rich in the inheritance of the Catholic aristocracy. His home, Lisle Combe, was a long gabled house set above long sloping lawns leading first to a little lake and then down to the sheltered cove, "Orchard Bay," where the tide of the Atlantic offered in summer an added luxury to those of the wide swards of the garden above. In the house were the heirlooms of Lulworth Castle. Here as his seventies advanced he found the portal to his Paradise.

ROBERT SENCOURT

THE BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

THE theme of the Brussels Universal and International Exhibition is the progress of man through the ages. The aim is to bring together peoples of every nation and race, of widely differing cultures and civilizations, and make them conscious of a common humanity. The exhibition is the biggest international effort of the kind since the Paris Exhibition of 1937, and it has been taken as a great opportunity for the nations to show each other what they have achieved. The Festival of Britain in 1951, the centenary of the Great Exhibition held in Hyde Park in 1851, was a domestic affair. It was restricted to the United Kingdom, and the whole country was on show during the period, and was At Home to the world. The broad aim was to exhibit faith in the British future and commemorate her achievements in the past, and at the same time to restore the air of gaiety which the hard years of the World War, and its immediate aftermath, had interrupted.

The Brussels Exhibition is at once more serious and more ambitious. It endeavours to get the principal countries of the world, and most of the smaller, to display and expound what they are doing in the way of civilization, particularly in science, industry and culture. It has also its lighter side, La Belgique Joyeuse, and many gay restaurants of the nations. Nearly one hundred pavilions have been erected, and the grounds are dominated by a huge aluminium structure representing the Atom. There are vast international pavilions with contributions from many countries. A hall of international science shows the wonders of modern scientific research in physics and chemistry, demonstrating particularly the atom, the crystal, the molecule and the living cell. An international Fine Art hall contains famous modern pictures gathered from many countries, including the Soviet Union. Other international halls deal with education, town and country planning, agriculture, civil engineering.

The most illuminating and attractive pavilions, however, are those of the individual nations. Each tries to show vividly what it has done for

the progress of mankind. They exhibit unpremeditatedly the different national characteristics. We naturally look first to the two British pavilions. One, of the Government, shows the English contribution to mankind and the English way of life, with an appendage of the City of London. The other is of British industries, and shows straightforwardly what we are producing in the way of manufactures. The Government pavilion is attractively quiet, avoiding any obvious propaganda, and free from boasting. After passing through ante-rooms, which illustrate the ceremonial way of English life and the pageantry of the Court, Parliament and the Courts of Justice, you come to the main hall where the contributions to science and scholarship and the inventions are imaginatively portrayed. "Proud of yesterday we build for tomorrow," is the motto. There is an impressive display of England's "Firsts," in many walks of life, from the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny to sport. A place is found for British archaeology, and particularly for Dr. Kathleen Kenyon's amazing discoveries of the earliest walled city of the world at Jericho. On a large screen some scores of coloured films depict aspects of the British way of life of the common man: a bus queue, open-air speaking, a village cricket match, an after-dinner speaker who, however, though the hands and mouth move, is silent. The appendage of the City of London is a smaller display of the pageantry, with pictures of the world centres of banking, insurance, trade and shipping, which are crowded into the one square mile.

A complete contrast with the British avoidance of boasting and propaganda is the Soviet Pavilion. It is one of the biggest in the Exhibition, and at all times one of the most crowded. Its greatest attraction is the life-size models of the Sputniks, dog and all. The other triumphs of Russian technology and industry are also shown; the biggest trucks, the biggest harvesters, the biggest motor cars. Of culture the most striking exhibit is a big photo montage of the University and sport palaces in Moscow, whose style is strangely reminiscent of the Victorian age. But the Bolshoi Ballet was expected in Brussels; and that was a good enough sample of Soviet art. The visitor is almost deluged with literature about the great achievements of the Soviet Union. A weekly newspaper, *Sputnik*, printed in every language, and pamphlets galore are given away, whereas in the other national pavilions you must buy a guide. You are fed with the statistics: the 350,000 doctors in the health service of the Union; 50 million young people who are students; five million who devote their free time to drama and music; the number of international football games played by the Russian teams. Russian visitors are brought to the Exhibition in hundreds to admire the greatness of the Soviet Union. The map displays the legend: "No country is vaster than ours: its territory is a sixth part of the globe."

Of the satellite countries, Czechoslovakia has the most striking pavilion. It is again serious and undisguised propaganda, the messages being given in gold letters on the walls. At the same time, the display of the products of the country, from machine tools and precision instruments to silk fabrics, toys and puppets, is most artistically done. You have the impression of a people whose artistic sense and craftsman's pride has not been extinguished by a craving for size and mass production.

The American, that is, the United States, pavilion is a remarkable and unexpected contrast with the massive Soviet palace. It is nearly as big:

a great circular structure crowned by a vast dome. Below the dome is a lake with real trees growing in and around it. The whole pavilion is deliberately gay and frivolous, and no effort whatsoever is made to show the immensity of the country and its productivity. It does not try, as it is said, to sell the visitor anything. The American way of life is shown mostly in its lighter mood—bathing belles, a university band in a gay uniform, an immensely popular cinerama. They display a Sunday edition of the *New York Times*, with its hundreds of pages, over a score of cabinets. The modern paintings which they have chosen to show are what is called "folk art" by amateurs, like Mother Moses. They have preferred to show their antiquities instead of their novelties. When lit up at night the structure is delightfully graceful. The key-note is that they are too proud to compete; much as President Wilson declared in 1916 in World War I, "We are too proud to fight."

France's pavilion has a striking design of an air-craft. But what is within is disappointing. There is too much of products and too little of theme.

The German pavilion, which in 1937 at Paris was one of the "colossals," rivalling that of the Soviet Union, is at Brussels modest and unpretentious. The building is neat and spacious, constructed of big black steel columns and vast glass frames. It has a German solidity, but the content is unimaginative. It has none of the boastfulness of the Nazi regime, as though the Federal Republic can lie back satisfied with its contribution, and say little about it.

A pavilion which is different in character and purpose from the rest is that of the Vatican City, Civitas Dei. It encloses a very modern church, in which services are held at frequent intervals, and it has a section dealing with the Holy Places of Palestine, and others giving abundant information in pictures about the Roman Catholic Church in many parts of the world. It contains also a fine copy of the Rodin sculpture, "Le Penseur."

A different picture of the Holy Land is given in the modest pavilion of Israel, which is among the smaller nations. Its theme is the unity of the Bible people with the returning Jewish nation of today. We see the Mound of Biblical Gath of the Philistines, and then by its side the new town of Gath. One of the Dead Sea Scrolls is there, and the jar in which it was discovered, and a synagogue mosaic of the first century brought from the Valley of Jezreel. A large panel is inscribed in many languages with the verse of the Psalm—"If I forget thee, Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning." The natural flowers of the country are there and the products of Israel's industry. The story is told mainly in photographs showing how the new nation is built up from the returning tribes.

The pavilion of the United Arab Republic, that is, Egypt, Syria and Yemen, is comparable. Its theme is that the Middle East was the cradle of religion and civilization. At the entrance a big mosaic represents the three monotheist religions: a big figure of Islam, embracing on one side Judaism and on the other Christianity. Opposite are models showing the achievements of the ancient Semites. There is a welcome absence of political polemic; but big pictures show proudly the way in which Egypt is administering the Suez Canal since 1956.

Some of the smaller countries, e.g. Portugal, seek to make a brave show of their past. Others, like Turkey, are concerned to show their

present since the social revolution. Spain has an individual note, specialising in entertainment, dancing and singing. Her pavilion has one superb artistic attraction—a big painting by Dali. The Belgian Congo naturally has a big display, in three pavilions. The main hall shows pictorially what the Belgians are doing to develop the vast resources of the country, and to educate and raise the standard of the African population. A closer sight of the agriculture is given in the second pavilion, and the third shows the work of the Catholic missions. The number of Congo natives who come to the Exhibition is small, because the paternal Belgian Government is encouraging the peoples of the world more than her own overseas subjects to come and see the wonders of the Exhibition which has given to millions, unable to travel far, an idea of the one world in which we live.

NORMAN BENTWICH

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT

ON September 26 Thomas Stearns Eliot celebrates his seventieth birthday. For that occasion I have collected an anthology of 50 tributes*—although it is not my purpose now to discuss this forthcoming book and so steal a march on my contributors. Instead, I want to concentrate on his development as a poet, dramatist and critic during the last quarter of a century; and to say something of this will be to record a shift of public opinion by which the leader of one generation has become the prophet of another. To make a beginning I must return to my school-days. When I began to read poetry first in the mid 1930's, I was taught to accept Eliot primarily as a *modern* poet. I stress the word because it did not necessarily mean the same thing as being contemporary. Yeats was considered contemporary, but Eliot was decidedly *modern*—and with the word went a hint of that "shocking as a fine art" which had brought Oscar Wilde so much notoriety during the early '90s. Forty years later, in the early '30s, when Auden broke a line with a hyphen thus:—

And the shingle scrambles after the suck-
-ing surf,

or when Day Lewis allowed himself to sentimentalize:—

Yes, why do we all, seeing a Red, feel small,

it was argued by "the Progressives" that such shock tactics were needed to revitalize poetry, whereas the Blimps, sheltering behind their copies of *The Times*, merely spluttered and spoke about "such sentiments in verse as being quite shocking." I quote from a correspondence column in *The Times* because between the wars it used to be traditional each year for some letter-writer to attack *modern* art in general and then for somebody else to drag in *The Waste Land*.

Eliot has always delighted in the unexpected; in his poetry he frequently abandons rhyme because it gives too easy a clue as to what comes next and uses it only, as in the case of "afternoons" and "coffee-spoons," when it can create an unsuspected effect; it is typical, for example, of the kind

* Hart-Davis, 21s.

of shock that he likes to give an audience that after the Knights have killed Becket they should step forward and then defend their action. Which, once more, reminds me of my schooldays. One term a travelling company visited us, led by Martin Browne (Eliot's old friend and regular producer). Posters were put in the hall billing *Murder in the Cathedral*, and on the night of the actual performance, as was the custom, the maids were seated in the gallery. During some of the long opening speeches they began to titter, and after the first interval (and at the producer's request) a junior master was dispatched to try and keep order during the second half; he was successful. They had come, lured by the title, and expecting a thriller; they kept silent, baited by the promise of attendance at an Edgar Wallace play to be produced later in the term. The next day I remember a senior master beginning a class with the gambit: "Frankly, I thought last night's show a lot of nonsense. Too high flown by far." What a shock tactic! Immediately we all leapt to the play's defence, and I think that that was the very first time in my life that I ever had to defend poetic drama.

These are personal reminiscences, and I (who am exactly half Eliot's age) expect that they could be multiplied by many more from my own generation because to us, at that time, Eliot seemed essentially a European figure, whereas by contrast, Yeats, with his interest in Irish politics, appeared a more parochial figure. The mid 1930s, like the whole decade, was one of international implications. Shakespeare was constantly being presented in modern dress, and *Coriolanus* was frequently played against a Fascist or Nazi background; in fact, I recall one enterprising school that dressed the Knights in *Murder in the Cathedral* as soldiers with swastikas on their arms. Of course many of these productions were put on in small converted chapels turned into theatre clubs, and where the repertoire ranged from modern dress Shakespeare to Auden and Isherwood plays, from new classical translations by MacNeice to Spender's *Trial of a Judge*. If Eliot held differing political and religious views to this group of fellow poets, his work none the less was acted before audiences whose sympathies were left-wing and agnostic; again, his own publishing firm who sponsored most of this group brought out his books in a format so similar to theirs that it suggested a uniform edition. No matter how at variance his views were with theirs, it was difficult to disassociate him from the rest: the only distinction that we made at school was that we regarded him as their leader. At least, this is how I and my contemporaries thought of the literary scene. Were I however asked to write an article about the '30s now, I should record it differently. I should see Eliot more as an individual than a leader, an individual like Yeats, and I think that for poetic significance (as opposed to political significance) I should now put Roy Campbell, Vernon Watkins and Dylan Thomas in place of Spender, MacNeice and Day Lewis.

I suggest that it is both Eliot's sense of international implications and his deeply religious view of politics that has brought him a fame far beyond the realms of poetry. Perhaps one day an enterprising student may build a treatise round the Eliot quotations that have been chosen as epigraphs, chapter-headings and even as titles by those whose books have no direct bearing on poetry. As earlier I stressed the word *modern*, so I

now stress the word *direct* since *indirectly*, as Eliot has shown, poetry has a bearing on everything. "By indirection find direction out," advised Polonius, while, in an age of scepticism, Eliot himself has commented: '(If) bishops are a part of English culture, (then) horses and dogs are a part of English religion.' For as a poet, dramatist and critic he has never pursued breadth at the expense of depth, so that behind his approach to every subject there has always been the weight of authority. That authority has been the basis of his leadership, and with the years it has increased. Indeed, is it not rather an odd and glorious thing to reflect on a poet whose books have achieved popularity and sales such as normally are only associated with best-seller novels and the lives of film stars? And is not all this more odd and glorious when it is remembered that no concessions or sacrifices of artistry have been made in the process?

There was a time when critics regarded *The Rock*, *Murder in the Cathedral* and *The Family Reunion* as hole-in-the-corner drama. Certainly it could be said that these productions were put on for an élite, whereas right from the earliest days Eliot has been concerned with fashioning an art that might exert a wider appeal. That appeal was made by *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk*, both as triumphant in the London West End as any Noël Coward comedy. But what was so triumphant from an artistic point of view was the way in which the poet had fashioned a language for his players that could slip from colloquial prose into poetry with such speed and ease that it was hard to know exactly where the transitions took place. At least I am speaking of the reaction in the theatre, of the average playgoer who is interested in judging a play acted, not read. Of course for those who follow the text there is the marvellous echo achieved in the first scene of *The Cocktail Party* over the "gin and tonic" episode, or that superb use of the three-stress phrase in *The Confidential Clerk*:—

And lock the gates behind you,

which recalls *The Tempest*:—

And makes my labours pleasures.

But this is technical criticism; it concerns the practitioner in verse, but it does not really concern the spectator who is only interested in the result.

A century ago, in Matthew Arnold's day, readers were not so concerned with whether Newman's faith was the right one as with whether there was room for faith at all. Today, people are not so much concerned with whether religion is true, but with whether it works. This may sound like a utilitarian view, such as the playgoer's concern with whether a play works; and, on separate levels, it may reflect an attitude to drama and life that is basically the same. Eliot as a writer accepts the prevalence of such an attitude, and using the framework of West End comedy he has attempted to provide a variation on Divine Comedy. In *The Cocktail Party* in Celia Coplestone he shows his audience the kind of material out of which a saint is made, while through the "guardians" he tries to show the workings of grace. In *The Confidential Clerk* in the last act when Colby says: "Now that I know who my father is I can follow him," the implication would seem to be that not until a man knows his Father in Heaven can he expect to know himself; and in this, as it is hinted at the end, he may be helped by the fact of recognizing in himself a part of the

Divine Image. The construction of the second play—a cross between Greek drama and Gilbert and Sullivan—represents a dramatist's form of shock tactics, while the search for a father-figure is a particularly *modern* problem in which psychology, using a different set of words, is only joining in a pursuit which has been a religious quest since time immemorial and the expulsion from the Garden of Eden. It should not be forgotten that the same author who wrote *The Confidential Clerk* a few years previously published his *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture*. I take a sentence from the appendix to that book: "An individual European may not believe that the Christian Faith is true, and yet what he says, and makes, and does, will all spring out of his heritage of Christian culture and depend upon that culture for its meaning."

To the man who can write this the phrase, "Oh! God," can be either a blasphemy or a prayer. Years ago when I was at school I can remember a boy being silenced for blasphemy for saying that Christ's last words on the Cross were the greatest poetry in the world. I think that this extraordinary view was held because poetry and religion were then regarded in separate compartments, and, separate to both of them, was something called religious poetry connected with solemn faces and black Sunday suits. It has been the achievement of Eliot to break through this compartmental view and in so doing break through to a new generation. It is said that Christianity should go out into the market-place; certainly Eliot has taken the poetry of religious implication triumphantly into the secular theatre. Once, too, the medieval dramas in the market-place reminded men of passages from Christ's life; the later plays of Eliot recall those passages, but with a subtlety and weight of authority such as has been unparalleled in this century. It is perhaps a singularly happy coincidence that such a man's birthday should fall on a day when the Church celebrates the death of two early Christian martyrs, St. Cyprian and St. Justina.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

EIGHTY YEARS AGO

WHEN one has reached the age of four score years one cannot help looking back on the past and contrasting with present day conditions the immense changes, social as well as political, which have taken place during the space of a single life time. My father who was born in 1845, and who was educated at Harrow and at Oxford, was ordained at Lincoln by his cousin, Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, and after holding a Curacy at Brocklesby was appointed in 1877 Curate-in-Charge of Palgrave, Suffolk. The Rector was seriously ill and living in Devonshire. My father was, therefore, in sole charge of the Parish. On the death of the Rector he was looking out for another similar appointment, but the farmers who were the tithe payers, sent, without my father's knowledge, a petition to Sir Edward Kerrison, the Lord of the Manor and Patron of the Living, requesting him to appoint my father to the vacant Rectorship. He sent for him to go and see him at his seat at Brome Hall, near Eye, and told my father that though he had promised the Living of Palgrave to his greatest friend, he felt it would not be right for him to resist the

appeal of the farmers, and consequently he nominated my father to the Bishop of Norwich for appointment as Rector of Palgrave. This was always said to be the most beautiful village in Suffolk. It had a magnificent church in the perpendicular style with a Norman font and a very remarkable painted roof which has attracted the attention of many well-known architects. A village green surrounded the church with very old chestnut trees and a weeping willow which hung over a pond that extended right up to the church wall. On the other side of the church there was a fine row of elm trees, but when my father consulted an expert, the latter condemned them, saying they were diseased and might fall on the church roof causing serious destruction. It was a great grief to my father to have them cut down, but they were all found to be quite rotten inside owing to a well-known disease, supposed to be peculiar to elm trees.

The village school had been built by a former Rector and my father was the sole manager. Constant demands were made by the Board of Education for additions and improvements, and these were all carried out by the voluntary subscriptions of the parishioners and private friends of my father. As long as he was Rector the school was maintained as a voluntary one. It is true that on one occasion a peremptory order was received from the Board of Education demanding the construction of a large playground. My father replied asking the Board to send down an Inspector to observe that a large village green immediately surrounded the school, and had been the natural playground of generations of school children. As a result of the report of the Inspector the demand was withdrawn.

In those days of the late Victorian era when the country was prosperous and the value of money high, only "tuppence" a week had to be paid by parents for each child's schooling, but if any pupil during the whole year had not missed a single class either morning or afternoon, all the "tuppences" were, at a solemn ceremony presided over by my father, restored to the child to the great joy of his father and mother. The Headmaster always maintained that the abolition of the "tuppenny" weekly fee was a great mistake, because, while it lasted, parents sent their children regularly to school in order to be sure of getting full value for their money; but after the fee had disappeared they no longer had the same respect for education and kept their children at home under all sorts of pretexts, many of which were quite frivolous. As Manager, my father had sole control over the school, and it could always be used in the evenings for Bible Classes or meetings of the Church Missionary Society, or for social functions, and my father always received the thanks of the Liberal Party for allowing them to use the school for their meetings, whereas some Managers of voluntary schools were accustomed to refuse the building for this purpose. Circumstances have now completely changed and the present Rector wrote to me, when I was in Parliament, complaining that he had to obtain permission from Ipswich whenever he wanted to use the school of an evening, and that the delay in granting permission often amounted to two months. I accordingly put a question in the House of Commons on November 23, 1950, asking the Minister of Education:—

"Why the people of Palgrave, East Suffolk, have to apply to the Education Committee at the County Hall, Ipswich, which is 22 miles

distant, every time they desire the use of their school for meetings or social functions, in view of the fact that the school was built and extended by the voluntary subscriptions of the parishioners alone, and that it sometimes takes two months for a reply to be received to applications for the use of the school."

Mr. Tomlinson, the Minister of Education, in his reply said:—

"Palgrave school is a controlled voluntary school, and the local Education Authority is therefore entitled under the Education Act, 1944, to determine what use is made of the premises save on Sundays and exceptionally on Saturday."

The Speaker allowed me to put the following supplementary question:—

"Would it not be possible to appoint a local representative to give permission to use this school? Why should these people have to apply to Ipswich? Would not the right hon. Gentleman take a good pair of scissors and cut through this red tape?"

Mr. Tomlinson replied:—

"If I thought red tape was binding this place to Ipswich I should certainly cut it, but there ought to be no delay; there is little or no delay in any other Authority working in the same circumstances."

I retorted:—

"The delay is two months, according to the Rector of the Parish."

In my time the Rector was expected to give at his own expense the annual school treat. This was supposed to be intended only for those pupils who went to the Sunday School, but as a matter of fact my father never drew the line and the treat was open to all the children who frequented the day school. Games and sports were held in the Rectory field and at tea time all the pupils were brought in by their teachers and set down in groups on the Rectory lawn, and I well remember my 10 brothers and sisters and myself handing out to them the bread and butter and strawberry jam and cake in unlimited supplies. As I was going through the village on one of these days I heard a poor little child complaining to her mother that she was terribly hungry. I said to the mother:—"Surely she will soon be getting her dinner?" and the mother replied "Of course not; we never give the children any dinner when they are going to have the Sunday School tea."

It must be remembered that in those days agricultural labourers got only 10 shillings a week as their wages. It is true that they contracted with the farmer to receive a fixed sum for carrying out the harvest which was sometimes very prolonged owing to bad weather, and with this harvest money they paid the annual rent which amounted to not more than a shilling or one and sixpence a week. The shocking condition of many of the cottages which were only insanitary hovels very speedily became my father's great concern. He purchased them whenever he could, had them pulled down and well-built cottages put in their place, and these were always in great demand. Gradually the whole appearance of the village completely changed owing to his untiring efforts. Our man, who combined the functions of groom and gardener, received 16 shillings a week and one good working suit a year, and he was consequently the envy of the whole village. Such wages were otherwise quite unknown.

The Rector's income was derived from the tithes fixed in accordance

with the average price of corn, taken at Mark Lane for the whole previous year. During the '70s the effect of the abolition of the Corn Laws had scarcely been felt owing to the high price of freight from America and Canada, but in the '80s the price had fallen owing to free imports and the tithe was seriously reduced. Accordingly, great distress was felt by the clergy. The grievance was greatly aggravated by the fact that the tithe rent charge was not only subject to income tax but also to the local rates, with the result that my father was by far the largest rate-payer in the village. The origin of this anomaly went back to the old days when the tithe was paid in kind and the Rector received one-tenth of the crops of corn. The clergy were themselves responsible for the collection of their own tithe, but my father found it more convenient to put this in the hands of his solicitors. Every year, however, after numerous vain appeals to the farmers, the lawyer finally reported to my father that there were certain defaulters who had not paid their tithe. The obvious remedy was, of course, to take legal proceedings against them. My father, however, would never do this, and I remember well his saying to me on one occasion:—"Farmer X. has never paid his tithe. Jump on your pony and go out and see him." I rode to some distant farm and received a very warm welcome. The farmer put the pony in the stable and I was given a bountiful tea of muffins and crumpets. After this copious meal I tactfully broached the painful subject of the unpaid tithe. The farmer cheerfully replied:—"Wait till after the harvest and I shall not disappoint your father," and he duly kept his promise.

My father was instrumental in raising a considerable sum of money for the restoration of the six fine old church bells and the addition of two new ones, thus completing the peal of eight, and giving a great impetus to the art of bell-ringing in the Parish. My father and mother also started a night school and taught in it regularly several nights a week. In 1906 he built, at his own expense, an extensive Reading Room, with kitchen attached, for the benefit of the young men of the Parish. Our church was always well filled, especially on Sunday evenings, as the Nonconformists who had gone down in the morning to the town of Diss only a mile away, to attend their various chapels, went to the Evening Service in church, since my father was a noted preacher, and I remember even on ordinary occasions seeing forms placed all down the central aisle to accommodate the people. Certain difficulties, however, sometimes arose. As it was a Parish Church there were, of course, no pew rents, but that did not prevent the seats from being appropriated, and a woman and her daughter were politely asked by the Churchwardens whether they would not share their pew with another family. My father, however, received an indignant letter the next day from this woman which he handed me to read. It contained the words, "Our position demands a *whole* pew." To our surprise the Church Missionary box was returned with the letter, and the woman and her daughter, in spite of my father's appeal, were no longer seen in Palgrave Church.

Some of the old people told me that they well remembered seeing on the "turnpike"—the local name given to the main road to Bury St. Edmunds—coaches passing through the Parish filled with criminals who had been condemned at the Norwich assizes, and were on their way to

distant, every time they desire the use of their school for meetings or social functions, in view of the fact that the school was built and extended by the voluntary subscriptions of the parishioners alone, and that it sometimes takes two months for a reply to be received to applications for the use of the school."

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Harwich in order to be deported to Botany Bay. I have a vivid recollection of an old lady giving me a graphic description of the arrival of the coach, decorated with branches of oak in full leaf, bringing the joyful news of the victory at Waterloo, and an old gentleman, well over 90, who had been Rector of Overstrand, telling me how, as a child, the rumour had arrived that "Bony" had landed at Weybourne Bay, and, for greater safety, the boy had been sent with his nurse in a post chaise to Norwich.

In those days it was thought almost degrading to accept poor law relief, especially as this involved disfranchisement, but by far the worst disgrace was to be "buried by the Parish," and heroic efforts were made to put into an old stocking enough money to pay for funeral expenses. Adults were obliged by law to pay for the support of their parents when the old people were in need, and it was one of my father's duties to write to sons and daughters who had left home, reminding them of their legal obligations. When I asked the old people where their children had gone the invariable answer was:—"Oh, they have left for the 'sheres'." By this they meant that they had left Norfolk and Suffolk for the Shires, by which was generally understood Yorkshire or Lancashire. Norfolk and Suffolk, being parts of the ancient Kingdom of East Anglia, were never regarded by them as Shires. After 44 years my father felt it his duty to resign, though he preached some of his best sermons from his bath chair placed at the foot of the pulpit, and, in spite of the protest of the people, sent in his resignation to the Bishop and retired in 1921 to Stowmarket where he died three years later.

DOUGLAS L. SAVORY

THE SECOND EMPIRE. XX. OLLIVIER

THE new team, installed on January 2, 1870, was under no illusions as to the extent of its authority. The hostility of the Empress to the liberal experiment was notorious, not merely because she had always believed in autocracy but because she resented the diminution of her influence. There were certain limits in foreign and domestic policy, explained the Emperor to Metternich, which he would never allow to be passed. "If I bow to the necessities of the situation I am not throwing away my arms. Do not imagine I am abdicating; the future will prove it." A similar declaration was made at his New Year reception. "When a traveller after a long journey sheds part of his burden, it gives him fresh strength to continue his march." "Ollivier has talent," he remarked to Metternich, "He is young and may go far if properly guided. He has two precious qualities which make me forget his failings. He believes in me and is the eloquent interpreter of my ideas, especially when I let him think they are his own." He was the first of his Ministers, he added, to understand him.

The new chief accepted the system under which the ruler presided at Cabinet meetings; though not fully democratic, dyarchy was as much as could be obtained under the Empire, and indeed he never wanted more.

There was no Prime Minister; the Ministers of War and Marine were appointed by the Emperor, and Ollivier himself was only Minister of Justice; *primus inter pares*. Though he claims that never was a Government more worthy of respect for merit and character, and Daru, the Foreign Minister, declared in the Senate: *Nous sommes d'honnêtes gens*, their names made little impression. Ollivier was a general without an army, for the Old Guard which had run the Empire for nearly two decades liked him as little as the republicans. A few independents, among them Prince Napoleon and Montalembert, rejoiced, and Thiers exclaimed: "Our opinions are represented on the Government benches: all good citizens should give their support." Friend and foe wondered how it would work and whether it would endure. Would the Emperor who had once broken a solemn oath remain loyal to his new servants? Could the life-long apostle of the Führer principle take any form of democracy in his stride? Jules Ferry, a future Premier, scorned it as "the bastard of autocracy." "His task," Lord Clarendon wrote to Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, "requires tact, experience, firmness, knowledge of men and a few other qualities in which he seems singularly deficient, and I cannot think his Ministry will last." Probably nobody at home or abroad thought that it would except Ollivier, whose self-confidence throughout life knew no limits. The most optimistic spectator was Metternich, who describes him as very democratic, a man of high principle, devoted body and soul to the Emperor.

The new crew ran into a storm in the first week when Victor Noir, a Republican journalist, was killed in a brawl by Pierre Bonaparte, first cousin of the Emperor. Though he claimed that he had fired in self-defence when his home had been invaded and was acquitted after a trial, the incident unleashed a tornado of abuse against the Empire, in which Rochefort screamed the loudest and was sent to prison.

Ollivier defined his programme as a pacification of parties by liberty and a spirit of goodwill, and his declaration against the system of official candidatures delighted everyone except Rocher and other die-hards. Friendly relations continued with Grévy, a future President of the Republic, but Gambetta and Jules Favre, leaders of the left wing Republicans, severed personal contacts. His unsolicited and almost unanimous election to the Académie Française, hitherto regarded as a stronghold of the royalist Opposition, was an encouragement. His lofty mission, as he conceived it, was to rejuvenate the Empire and to improve the lot of the masses. "Try to suggest something in the interest of the people," the kindly Emperor used to say. Ollivier consulted Leplay, France's leading sociologist, but nothing of importance was achieved in the brief remaining period of peace.

The Liberal Empire needed a new constitution to supersede the pattern of 1852, and in April it was ready. The nominated Senate was transformed into an Upper Chamber sharing legislative power with the elected Chamber. The ruler retained the power to appoint and dismiss Ministers, who were also responsible to the Chamber. "The Emperor," declared Article X, "governs with the concurrence of the Ministers, the Senate, the Corps Legislatif and Council of State." He reserved the right to order a plebiscite since changes in the constitution required nation-wide ratification. The separation of powers seemed to be partially realized, the ruler partly limited by the Chamber, the Chamber by the referendum. To complete the edifice

Ollivier vainly advocated a Supreme Court on the American model.

At this point the Emperor announced a plebiscite for May 8 to approve or reject the new constitution. "I believe that everything is illegal without your assent. I appeal to all of you who since December 10, 1848, placed me at your head, who for 22 years have sustained me by your votes and rewarded me with your affection; show me a new proof of confidence which will banish the menace of revolution, place order and liberty on a solid foundation, and facilitate the eventual transmission of the crown to my son. Almost in unanimity 18 years ago you conferred on me widest powers; be equally willing today to approve the transformation of the *régime*." Ollivier followed with a rousing circular to the Prefects. "The Emperor addresses a solemn appeal to the nation. In 1852 he demanded force to assure order; order assured, he now demands force to defend liberty. The vote is on the liberal transformation, not on the Empire itself. To vote *Oui* is to vote for liberty. In the name of tranquillity and liberty, in the name of the Emperor, we invite you all to unite your efforts with ours; this is a counsel of patriotism." The voting was absolutely free, and a five to one majority, commented the jubilant Minister, registered the victory of liberty. With a programme of political appeasement and social amelioration, what honest citizen could advocate a monarchist, republican or socialist revolution? Convinced that the nation was with him, Ollivier never worried over the abstention of two million voters. The Emperor, whose distress from stone in the bladder increased from month to month, was relieved that much of his burden had been assumed by a man whom he trusted and liked, and he constantly expressed his appreciation. "I am grateful for your talent and devotion displayed every day. So long as you pursue this energetic and patriotic course my support will not fail." More than ever before, he assured the Chamber, they could look ahead without apprehension. "Wherever we turn," echoed Ollivier, "there are no troublesome questions; never has peace in Europe been better assured."

His rôle during the crisis is defended in the fourteenth volume of his apologia. His main thesis is that, like his colleagues and their master, he acted as the overwhelming majority of Frenchmen desired. The news of Prince Leopold's acceptance of the Spanish crown which reached Paris on July 3 was not merely a shock but a complete surprise: to the Empress it was "the explosion of a bomb." Such flouting by Madrid and Berlin of the customary courtesies of consultation had seemed unthinkable. "This is very serious," wrote the Foreign Minister the Duc de Gramont to Ollivier late the same evening. "A Prussian prince at Madrid—we must prevent this intrigue." Ollivier describes his anger and grief as he recalled his patient efforts to avert a conflict which many had believed to be inevitable. It was Bismarck's work, he said to himself; he was not the man to draw back and France must accept the challenge. And then? "Without pronouncing the word I felt in my heart the sorrowful approach of war." If it must be, Bismarck and Prim, not France, would bear the entire responsibility.

The attitude of the Government was explained to the Chamber on July 6 by the Foreign Minister in a brief statement which, after careful consideration of the wording, had received the unanimous approval of

the Ministers in the presence of the Emperor. "We do not believe that respect for the rights of a neighbouring people obliges us to allow a foreign power, by placing one of its princes on the throne of Charles V, to upset to our detriment the existing equilibrium in Europe and endanger the interests and honour of France. This eventuality, we quite hope, will not occur, for we count on the wisdom of the German and the friendship of the Spanish people. Were it otherwise, strong in your support and that of the nation, we should know how to fulfil our duty without hesitation or faltering." Though the ugly word War was avoided, the final sentence was clearly an ultimatum and interpreted as such by the world. Re-reading it long afterwards, Ollivier prided himself on his share in the drafting of a declaration which replied with a dignified warning to an intolerable provocation. That evening the Austrian Ambassador found him in high spirits after it had been received with frantic applause. "We have had enough humiliations from Prussia," he began. "French policy is no longer directed by people like Rouher and La Valette. It is I, a Minister of the people, springing from the people, feeling with the people, a Minister responsible to the nation, responsible for its dignity and the prestige of the Emperor, who have conducted this affair with a patriotic resolution you know me to possess. No more hesitations, no more vacillations. The Council was unanimous. We decided we must act. We carried the Chamber and we shall carry the nation. In a fortnight we shall have 400,000 men on the Saar. This time we shall fight as in 1793. We shall arm the people and they will race to the frontiers. I, of all people, have been forced to take up the Prussian challenge in this matter which concerns the dignity and honour of France, I who have shown my sympathy for German nationalism and have been regarded—perhaps am still regarded—as a Prussian."

Marshal Le Boeuf, Minister of War, declared that France could win the struggle by rapid action, and the Emperor had hopes of Austria and Italy. Prince Leopold's cancellation of his acceptance satisfied Ollivier; but at this moment, when the storm clouds seemed to be dispersing, the Emperor and Gramont, without informing the other Ministers, instructed the French Ambassador to secure an assurance from King William that he would veto a renewal of the candidature. Ollivier justly resented his exclusion from a crazy decision which might provoke war. His first instinct was to resign, and his reputation would stand higher had he done so. "For the old decrepit Empire I had substituted a young Liberal Empire resting on seven and a half million votes. I felt deeply hurt by this renewal of autocracy. I was tired and needed to recover my breath. The idea of giving the signal for war upset me. The occasion to go was excellent and I was violently tempted to seize it. On further reflection this seemed an act of culpable egoism playing into Bismarck's hands. I had no doubt what would happen—the King would decline a guarantee. By remaining I hoped to persuade the Council and the Emperor to accept the refusal, though by not resigning I should be associating myself with an act I deplored." The disagreement was speedily ended by Bismarck's provocative publication of an edited version of the Ems despatch which converted Ollivier to a declaration of war on July 15. Replying to a warning by Thiers in the Chamber he uttered the words which have earned him an unenviable immortality. "Today my colleagues and I assume a grave

responsibility. *Nous l'acceptons d'un cœur léger.*" "A light heart when the blood of nations is about to flow?" exclaimed a Deputy. "Yes," replied the Minister, "with a light heart. Do not think I mean with joy. I mean without remorse, with confidence, because war is forced on us, because we have done everything honourably possible to avert it, because our cause is just." That such a virtuoso of language should utter words so liable to misunderstanding is attributed by his admiring biographer to the surge of emotion which swept over him amid the plaudits of the Chamber.

Once converted to belligerence, Ollivier indulged in the same wishful thinking as the ignorant Parisian crowds who shouted *A Berlin!* A fortnight later he invited Maxime du Camp for a talk. "The Emperor," he began, "did not want war, but he consented when he saw that I did." He talked on and on, intoxicated by his own verbosity, visualizing a victorious France dictating to Europe, acclaimed by the people, a beacon to which the eyes of the world would turn.

Ollivier : I believe in the collapse of Germany.

De Camp : What if it were the collapse of France?

Ollivier : You don't love your country. If one loves it one believes it invincible. It is a crime to doubt it. If you loved it as I do you would be certain of its triumph. Prussia is doomed. We have only to stretch out our hand to take Berlin.

When reproached by his friend Prince Napoleon for gambling the fate of France on a candidature for the Spanish throne he exclaimed excitedly : "If in presence of the national sentiment we had shirked the conflict, you would have been kicked out, you, your family and the whole dynasty." He could not guess that within a month the catastrophe he foretold had occurred as the result of the declaration of war for which he was jointly responsible. On the evening of August 9, when he and his colleagues were overthrown in the angry Chamber without the necessity of a vote, he bitterly complained of the ingratitude of France in evicting him, unmindful of his services and at a moment when he alone could save her. When Count Vitzthum, Austrian Minister in Brussels, expressed to the Emperor the surprise of his Government that he had not contented himself with the withdrawal of the candidature, he received the reply : "We had gone too far to retreat. That is the fault of one of my Ministers." Vitzthum expected to hear the name of the bellicose Gramont, but to his surprise the Emperor continued : "That is M. Ollivier, an excellent man, but without understanding of great affairs." That they had gone too far was the fault, not of the Minister, but of the ruler himself.

On the overthrow of the Ministry the broken-hearted man fled to Italy in fear of his life. The same themes recur again and again in the *Lettres de Exil* covering the years 1870 to 1874. His feelings on receiving the news of Sedan, he assured his old master, were too deep for words. Neither of them had willed the war in order to take the Rhineland or prevent German unity : their hands had been forced by the Ems telegram. "Courage, Sire, right is on our side. Providence has pronounced against us; let us bow in resignation and confidence. Perhaps, spoiled by years of prosperity, we need this affliction." He found solace in the conviction that he had taken the only honourable course, the course which the

country desired, since dishonour was worse than defeat. Moreover he expected to return to public life when the storm abated. At the end of 1870 he vainly begged the prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe to sponsor his candidature for a seat in Corsica, but after fresh attempts in the '70s and '80s he accepted his undeserved fate. Anxiously searching his conscience in his solitary mountain retreat while the conflict raged beyond the Alps, he could discover no single error of judgment.

That his share in producing the catastrophe was less than that of the Emperor, Gramont and Le Boeuf was true enough, for he had not been consulted about the fateful demand for a guarantee that a fresh offer for the Spanish throne would be declined. He had never seen Colonel Stoffel's grave reports from Berlin on the Prussian army, and had been assured by the Minister of War that France had never been so prepared. He was unaware of the slender foundations on which the Emperor based his expectations of aid from Austria and Italy, and he could not foretell that the French Command would prove incompetent. He had wholeheartedly supported the declaration of war, but for that he saw no reason to apologize. "I know I am the object of universal execration," he wrote in June, 1871. He professed himself unruffled by the storm, for some day France would be grateful to him for preserving her honour. Some day there might be a Bonapartist restoration. Some day France might recover and hit back. "Our task is to understand the duties imposed on us by our misfortune," he wrote to Prince Napoleon when the fighting was over; "if we do, one day, we shall enter Berlin. My only thought will be to prepare for that day. Henceforth one single passion, one single aim—*le revanche nationale*. It would be a holy war." He would train his son in this idea and curse him if he rejected it. We might be listening to the strident tones of Juliette Adam or Paul Deroulède.

Ollivier's affection for his old master never waned. "If he made mistakes," he wrote to a friend, "is this the time to reproach him? Is it not more generous to recall his fine and great qualities, his kindliness, his humanity, his love for the people and France, the magnanimity with which he renounced his autocracy, above all his misfortunes, the insults and infamies hurled at him? Poor, poor man! I forgive him everything and I could not restrain my tears when I read his latest proclamation which is simply admirable." The Empire was the Emperor, he commented, when the news of his death reached him; France was interested not in political systems but in the individuals who embodied them. "While he lived I felt certain of a restoration. Now my eyes are covered by a thick veil I no longer see anything." Like the Empress he lived long enough to realize that Bonapartism was dead and beyond hope of resurrection.

Three years after the death of the Emperor Ollivier reiterated his familiar complaints in conversation with Maxime du Camp. His fall had been a complete surprise to him and had involved the ruin of France. Had he remained at the helm he would have raised a loan, prorogued the Chamber for the duration, arrested the irreconcilable Deputies, muzzled the Press, suspended the right of assembly, governed by decrees, and proclaimed a *levée en masse*. Then France would have won the war, annexed Rhenish Prussia and the Bavarian Proletariate, and secured her natural frontiers. This programme had been approved by the Council of Ministers under the

presidency of the Empress, and his fall had prevented its implementation. Placing his hand on his heart he concluded his fatuous monologue with the words *Moi, j'ai pardonné la France?*

G. P. GOOCH

To be continued.

YUGOSLAVIA AND HER "SPIRIT OF FREEDOM"

THE foreigner in Belgrade will be pretty sure to visit the gardens where, at the point overlooking the junction of the Save with the Danube, stands the statue by Mestrovic (the famous modern Yugoslav sculptor) to "The Spirit of Freedom." It does full justice to its theme and surely expresses a fundamental characteristic of the people. This indeed displayed itself in their attitude to that Cominform resolution of June, 1948, which started the historic quarrel with the USSR, patched up after the death of Stalin, but now starting up again. For the Soviet Union and Marxist ideology it is, of course, a serious matter that any one of their satellites should appear to be able to defy them, and strike out a course of its own; and still worse that the process should be resumed after an apparent reconciliation. Matters seem to have come to a really serious stage again after the Congress of Yugoslav Communists held at Ljubljana from April 22-26 this year. The Soviet Communist Party had accepted an invitation to send a delegation, but on April 5, announced that it would not attend, and other Communist parties of the *bloc* followed suit.

The main stumbling block appears to have been a Draft Programme (or Manifesto) prepared for presentation to the Congress, whereof the Soviet authorities must have acquired some details. Since its acceptance by the Congress it has been the basis of renewed attacks on Yugoslavia from Moscow. Certainly the Draft presents devastating criticisms, either directly or by implication, of the whole Marxist system, though some points, denounced like the others, seem harmless enough. For example, the coming "transition of modern Capitalism to Socialism" is described as an "evolutionary" process. But Soviet critics fiercely demand the retention of the word "revolutionary." The Draft certainly strikes more touchy ground when it gets on to that intriguing problem of the power of the State in the Communist scheme, and the development of what it calls (in non-Socialist eyes a fair enough description!) "State Monopoly Capitalism." It declares the State to be opposed to the Bourgeoisie (the conventional term for former "capitalists"), but also to the working-class. Soviet critics reply, rather ineffectively, that things are worse in the bourgeois State. Then the Draft goes on to deal with that troublesome question of Bureaucracy, and its tendency to become independent in the Communist State, anyhow in its dealings with the former "Proletariat." For, it says, so-called economic democracy, dependent as it is on the expansion of "nationalization," requires a proper measure of workers' participation in management. One would hardly think there need be serious objection to this from the Communist point of view, yet it is denounced in Moscow as an attempt to integrate workers into a capitalistic system, where such alleged participation is merely a trick. There follows some rather ambiguous and incon-

clusive talk about how the working-class are to achieve their share of control over the State machine. But the somewhat half-hearted analysis is bluntly answered by the assertion that "Historic Marxism requires the conquest of all power by the proletariat," the implication being that no true Marxian ideologist should hesitate to keep on saying this—and nothing else!

Now comes what is almost a frontal attack. The idea, it says, that any Communist Party possesses a monopoly of the type of movement towards Socialism (the CPSU is of course referred to) or that the meaning of Socialism is expressed only through it is wrong and harmful. It even goes on to imply that a Party is not absolutely necessary. Trade Unions, it says, are the best instruments for the conscious growth of Socialist forces. Naturally this slap (aimed obviously at the claims of the CPSU) is savagely retorted on by the Soviet critic who proceeds to complain that, in an ostensibly Communist Draft, there is nothing about the growth of the International Communist Movement, in which the Party in the Soviet Union plays such a vital part. Neither is the division of the world into two Blocs even indicated, or the evil role of Imperialism with its vicious policy of a "position of strength." Such matters should not be left out when considering the role of the Party. The Draft goes on to another touchy subject by questioning the policy of "spheres of interest," or "influence," actually mentioning Yalta, Teheran, and the rest, and the resulting "artificial frontiers" with obvious disapproval. It is indeed an attitude calculated to arouse sympathetic feelings among Yugoslavs only comparable to the wrath of Soviet circles. As to the "Arms Race," both sides are reproached, whilst Soviet foreign policy generally is criticised; though the economic achievements of the USSR are acknowledged in friendly fashion.

Next comes a reference to the tricky problem of the "withering away" of the State as foretold by Marxist ideology. The Draft indeed expresses the need to "fight against anarchistic under-estimation of the functions of the State," but declares that after the consolidation of power by the working-class the question of that "withering away" emerges as a decisive one of the Socialist system. Here, rather curiously, the Soviet critics let themselves go. They recall Stalin's famous statement to the 18th Congress of the CPSU in March, 1939, about the State being necessary for defence so long as capitalists and imperialists exist. But they go beyond Stalin by adding, rather surprisingly, that even when the exploiting classes are abolished, defence will still be required (presumably against those who have managed to evade the abolition), and (most surprising of all) to exercise control over the processes of evaluating labour, and over consumption. They even go on to say that there will still be "Nationalism," raising problems of the demarcation of frontiers with which a State alone can deal! Meanwhile, they say, pending the establishment of World Communism, the Socialist State is an arena for the development of Socialist democracy, though "democracy" will become an obsolete term when the State has withered away. In any case, before that withering away is effected, classes and class distinctions must totally disappear, and the merging of nations be steadily developed. The distinction between physical and mental labour must be eliminated. A revolutionary political party as a militant organization must remain the guiding force. The Draft indeed declares for

Proletarian Internationalism, based on the now familiar principles of independence, equality, and respect for the peculiarities of each individual country; but adds somewhat provocatively that relations even between Communist countries have not always been equal. To this the Soviet critics point out that admitted "shortcomings and errors" were exposed at the 20th Congress of the CPSU.

The Draft ends in an aggressive mood. Each country, it says, must move towards Communism in its own special way. National Communism is defended accordingly. Denunciation of it (i.e. by the Soviet) is declared to be the result of dogmatic and egoistic conceptions, even of a desire for hegemony (a word calculated to arouse Soviet wrath, as in fact it does). The correctness of any ideology, it affirms, must depend on its vital force and verification in practice. The possibility of certain Socialist countries exploiting other Socialist countries is even suggested. It will be agreed that the Yugoslav Communist Party has provided plenty of scope for denunciation on the grounds of being untrue to orthodox Marxist ideology. Soviet apologists affirm that the implied charges can receive no recognition from true Communists of the USSR, "the acknowledged head of the invincible camp of Socialist States." The suggestion of its aiming at "hegemony" is roundly denied. On the other hand that acceptance by Yugoslavia of aid from the USA is instanced as proof that it seeks to destroy the unity of the Socialist countries. That USA aid, indeed, declared to be largely provided by handing over unwanted farm surpluses, is denounced as a method for keeping the receiving countries under dependence on the USA; and is contrasted with the Soviet method of providing the means for production—machinery, factories and the like, aimed at making the receivers more independent. But the Yugoslav leaders are charged with being chiefly concerned with smearing the Soviet Union, and weakening the fraternal Communist Parties generally. They are "wallowing in the mire of Revisionism," in contrast to the loyalty to Marxist principles of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

As practical signs of the rift there came, on May 28, the suspension by the Soviet Government of the credits promised in August, 1956, for the purchase of the machines etc. referred to above. The Yugoslav Government for its part, early in June, put its Security police on to rounding up former supporters of the Cominform in the clash of June 1948, and of the Soviet Government at the time of the Hungarian rising. As June went on the rift became steadily wider. The Peking Government obediently followed the Moscow line with a steady propaganda campaign against the delinquent; and Yugoslavia was one of the countries from which the Chinese Ambassador was recalled on June 16. At the Congress of the Czechoslovak Communist Party at Prague (June 18-21) Tito was duly denounced for supporting "National Communism" (already upheld in Djilas's famous but heretical book: *The New Class*). Meanwhile (June 16) had come the grim announcement of the executions of the Hungarian leaders. This was interpreted in Yugoslavia, as in most places, as a sign that the Soviet Government, perturbed by a good deal of apparently reliable evidence, reinforced by the continued flow of refugees, of unrest, not only in the satellite countries but also in Russia itself, was seeking to make it clear that the most drastic Stalinist methods (doubtless the only ones whereby a

Communist system can be permanently maintained!) would be employed to deal with the recalcitrants.

However, the warning does not seem to have disturbed that Spirit of Freedom, whose symbol still gazes across the great Danube from Belgrade, On June 22 the Yugoslav Government actually sent an official Note of Protest to Moscow. It bluntly recalled the circumstances under which Nagy and the others left the Yugoslav Embassy at Budapest with guarantees for safe-conduct. It also roundly denied statements said to have been made at the trial of those leaders to the effect that Yugoslavia bore some responsibility for the Hungarian rising.

It would indeed seem that the Soviet Government has come up against that very Spirit of Freedom whose history throughout the centuries confounds and refutes Marxist theories of the historical processes!

The Free World will surely continue to believe in its steadfastness, but must also regret the attitude of the Polish leaders, Gomulka and Cyrankiewicz who, on June 28, denounced Yugoslavia's "revisionism" in forthright terms, and her Government as an ally of "Imperialism" which itself was exploiting the Hungarian executions for its anti-Communist propaganda. Gomulka, indeed, may have been anxious to clear himself of the rather more than hinted charges that he was sympathetic towards "Titoism"; but those who know the Polish people and their history will hardly believe that in this particular utterance he was representing the views of the majority of them. Succeeding events do not display much that cannot be interpreted in the light of the background here portrayed. A protest against the Nagy executions was in fact made to the Hungarian Government on June 22.

The visits of President Nasser and the Greek Foreign Minister, Averoff, in early June, gave occasion for intriguing speculations. Both Presidents appeal for the disbanding of the opposing Power blocs, and the ending of the resultant "cold war" and armaments race, and, with something doubtless of a *double entendre*, the endeavours of some countries to influence and dominate others. Not unnaturally, and probably genuinely enough, the Yugoslav Government subsequently expressed sympathy for Arab nationalism, and condemned the West for not recognizing it, and so driving the Arabs to seek support from the U.S.S.R. On the general issue it has declared for action by the United Nations, especially to prevent Western intervention in the Middle East being extended to aggression against Iraq. The Arab world, it says, should be recognized as neutral and uncommitted; but there is not recognition by a Government, still ostensibly Marxist, that the fundamental conflict is one between the doctrines of atheistic Communism and its consequences and the creeds inspiring those who wish to save the world from it.

A. S. ELWELL-SUTTON

DARWIN AND THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS

THERE is always a special sentimental interest in associating one of the great discoveries of history, or a major revolution in human thought, with some localized part of the earth's surface. Usually the connecting link is a house which was the home of whoever was responsible for the revolution, and this of course holds good for Charles Darwin and

The Origin of Species. His house at Down in Kent is today a place of pilgrimage. There over a period of some 17 years the seed of the thought that all the known species of plants and animals are not immutable and were not separately created, but have evolved from more primitive forms, slowly matured in his mind. But to find the spot where that seed first germinated more surely than anywhere else we must travel thousands of miles to a remote group of islands, that because of its remoteness and lack of hospitality is unlikely ever to become a resort of pilgrims. Together these islands make up the Galapagos Archipelago, some 600 miles to the west of Ecuador, to which country they now belong. There are a dozen or more islands, but the larger more central ones are five: Narborough, Albemarle, James, Indefatigable and Charles, to give them their original, seventeenth-century names. Not one of them could be described, even by the most charitable traveller, as attractive either in scenery or climate. As regards scenery there is in the first place the coastal belt, an almost waterless desert of extinct volcanic cones and tumbled blocks of lava, thinly clothed with a desiccated, uninviting scrub, out of which rise the spiny candelabra of the *Cereus* cactus and the equally spiny pads of that other cactus, *Opuntia*, the prickly pear. Very different from this are the hills of the interior of the larger islands which at least are green, a condition brought about not so much by rain, as by the mists that so frequently swathe them. As for the climate it is extremely enervating, and though, thanks to cooling winds and the uniquely cool Humboldt Current, scarcely to be reckoned as hot by equatorial standards, quite hot enough to cause acute discomfort to travellers from temperate latitudes picking their way over knife-edged rubble-heaps of lava, and exposed to the full glare of the sun.

In spite of all this, and to a considerable extent because of their remoteness, the Galapagos Islands were in Darwin's time, and still are today, of quite unique interest to anyone concerned with evolution and the geographical distribution of living things, both plant and animal. Darwin, as naturalist to the surveying expedition led by Captain Fitzroy, commander of H.M.S. *Beagle*, visited the islands in 1835, and soon made himself aware of their fascination. He wrote in his journal: "The natural history of these islands is eminently curious and well deserves attention." Considering what the attention that Darwin then bestowed upon it was ultimately to mean to the world, that remark surely deserves a prominent place in some anthology of understatements. For it is an undoubted fact that it was the "eminently curious" natural history of the Galapagos Islands, more than any other single factor, that led him eventually to the conclusions concerning the evolution of living things set out in *The Origin of Species*. The process was a gradual one. In 1837, a year after his return to England from the famous voyage, he began the first of his notebooks on the transmutation of species, which contains these words:

"Had been greatly struck from about the month of previous March (while still on the voyage and just over 28 years old) on character of South American fossils and species on Galapagos Archipelago. These facts (especially latter) origin of all my views."

In 1842 he and his wife moved to Down which was to be his home for the rest of his life. Two years later he wrote to Sir Joseph Hooker, his

most intimate friend, explaining that having long been convinced of the mutability of species, he now had a theory which might serve to explain how permanent changes had come about:

"At last gleams of light have come and I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing to a murder) immutable."

The "gleams of light" were the notion that favourable variations would tend to be preserved while unfavourable ones would be eliminated. This, the first convincing explanation of the *modus operandi* of evolution, he called Natural Selection. His book *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life*, to give it its full title, setting forth his theory, supported by an immense weight of evidence, was not published until 1859.

What were the fruits of Darwin's visit to these islands some 120 years ago? In what way was their natural history "eminently curious"? In the first place he realized either then or later that most of the animals and plants found there are not to be found anywhere else in the world. "The archipelago," he wrote, "is a little world within itself." This applies to no very marked extent to mammals, but that is because all the larger ones have been introduced by man in recent years, wild cattle, pigs and goats for instance. Two of the smaller kinds, a rat and a bat, are unique. The far-ranging sea-birds are in a category of their own, but of land-birds Darwin collected 26 species, all of which, with the exception of a lark-like finch, were peculiar to the archipelago. These consisted of a hawk, two owls, a wren, three tyrant flycatchers, a dove, a swallow, three mocking thrushes, and lastly, fully deserving of special consideration, 13 remarkable and now celebrated finches. By far the most noteworthy reptiles on the Galapagos Islands are first the giant tortoise, once extremely numerous, already seriously reduced on account of its food value in Darwin's time, and now almost extinct. There are also two species of large lizard or iguana, one frequenting the shore and living strangely enough almost exclusively on seaweed, the other inhabiting the coastal belt and depending mainly on the succulent stems of cactus. Today the iguana of the coastal belt is going the way of the giant tortoise, but the littoral species is still quite common. This same exclusiveness with regard to the archipelago is found in varying degrees where land molluscs and insects are concerned. As for plants, more than half are found nowhere else.

The second striking fact that emerged from Darwin's investigations was that, though there is this extraordinary high proportion of animals and plants confined solely to these islands, nearly all of them are closely related to forms well known on the South American mainland. For instance there are iguanas there claiming kinship with, but strikingly different from, those of the Galapagos Islands. As for giant tortoises, none are to be found on the mainland, apart from fossils of extinct forms, but they are known from as far away as an island in the Indian Ocean. This cousinship with continental forms holds good very strikingly with regard to birds, some of which differ from mainland types to a slight extent only, are in fact as we would say today, geographical races or subspecies. In others the differentiation is more marked. The same is true of plants, among which relationship

shows itself in unmistakable, and in some instances, remarkable ways. The great family of the *Compositae* for instance; which includes daisies, thistles, asters and dandelions, consists almost entirely of herbaceous plants. On Galapagos there are trees belonging to this family.

The third feature of Galapagos natural history was the one that most aroused Darwin's wonder. We could not do better than express it in his own words from the *Journal*:

"I have not as yet noticed by far the most remarkable feature in the natural history of this archipelago; it is that the different islands to a considerable extent are inhabited by a different set of beings. I never dreamed that islands, about 50 or 60 miles apart, and most of them in sight of each other, formed of precisely the same rocks, placed under a quite similar climate, rising to a nearly equal height, would have been differently tenanted."

Later in the same book he wrote:

"It is the circumstance that several islands possess their own species of the tortoise, mocking-thrush, finches and numerous plants—these species having the same general habits, occupying analogous situations, and obviously filling the same general place in the natural economy of this archipelago—that strikes me with wonder."

Yet again:

"Reviewing the facts here given, one is astonished at the amount of creative force, if such an expression may be used, displayed on these small, barren and rocky islands; and still more at its diverse yet analogous action on points so near each other. I have said that the Galapagos Archipelago might be called a satellite attached to America, but it should rather be called a group of satellites, physically similar, organically distinct, yet intimately related to each other, and all related in a marked, though much lesser degree, to the great American continent."

No account however brief of Darwin's epoch-making visit to these islands can afford to neglect the famous finches which Dr. David Lack has made the subject of a recent well-known monograph. Darwin was deeply impressed by these small, undistinguished-looking birds, all of them sufficiently closely related to be classed unmistakably as finches, yet differing chiefly in the size and shape of their beaks, but also in their way of living, so that they can be divided into ground-finches, tree-finches, a warbler-like finch and one deserving to be called a woodpecker-finch, which has the very remarkable habit of using a stick held in the beak to probe crevices of bark for insects. There is little doubt that these related but strikingly differentiated forms have been evolved from a single finch stock, presumably blown thither from the mainland at some remote period. They are of special interest in the history of the doctrine of evolution, for they called forth from Darwin in the second edition of the *Journal* of 1845 this pregnant observation, deserving to be called his first public pronouncement concerning his revolutionary views:

"Seeing this gradation and diversity of structure in one small, intimately related group of birds, one might really fancy that, from an original paucity of birds in this archipelago, one species had been taken and modified for different ends."

It is clear therefore that Darwin, nurtured in the belief that all living

things were separately and fixedly created, bringing his quick eye and enquiring mind to bear on all these very noteworthy features of the natural history of the islands, was prompted to question the traditional doctrine. Why, he must have asked himself, should so many of these animals and plants be peculiar to these islands, and at the same time closely related to corresponding mainland forms? Why above all, should they now differ, not only from their continental prototypes but also from each other, as we pass from island to island? What can it mean but that they are descended from mainland forms, have evolved their distinguishing characteristics in the isolation that the whole archipelago affords, and in that other isolation, provided by deep channels and swift currents, of one island from another?

LESLIE REID

FARMERS AND TAXPAYERS

PUBLIC support for farming has risen to close on £300 million a year. Without it the net return on too many farms would be nil. The system of support prices causes the total bill to rise when overseas prices fall, as they have been doing. Increased efficiency, with a guaranteed price in prospect, may cause an embarrassing flood of home product. To the taxpayer our farmlands begin to look like an unlimited liability. Yet even the townsman recoils from the idea that the yeomen of England should disappear. There is a widespread feeling that men with their roots in the soil have a steadying influence in unsteady times. Most European countries seem to regard the maintenance of a contented peasantry as a prime objective. It is well known that the British farmer has increased his output by some 60 per cent since the war, in spite of the steady reduction in manpower, now amounting to some 10,000 head a year. The farmer has been helped, in a general way, by advice from the Agricultural Land Service, on farm management, and more specifically by the National Agricultural Advisory Service, whose county officers will guide him at every step on the road to improvement of his soil, cropping, livestock management, milk production, use of machinery, poultry keeping and methods of horticulture. Their laboratories are at his disposal for soil testing and the diagnosis of crop pests and diseases.

The younger generation are taking full advantage of the education given at agricultural colleges and farm institutes. Courses are held in village schools, and scholarships are given to the children of farm workers. Such advisory and educational help is one thing; but the taxpayer feels differently towards direct money grants in aid of a private business, farm or other. Many such grants are available to the farmer. One helps him with the cost of rooting up bracken, a serious threat to much grazing land. He may be recouped for half the cost of ditching or draining. If he has a private source of water he can recover 40 per cent of the cost of installing a water supply, for fields or farm buildings, or 25 per cent if he is going to use a public source. Then there are grants for new cottages for his workers, or the improvement of old ones; and under the Farm Improvement Scheme, which came into operation last autumn, he can recover one third of the cost of

alteration of farm buildings, or permanent improvement to fixed equipment, such as sewage, fencing, shelter belts, land reclamation, or the amalgamation of uneconomic holdings. The last is significant. Upland farmers, out of reach of the profitable milk lorry, can obtain one half the cost of such improvement works. Those still higher, on marginal land, which could not be improved without hindering other necessary work on the farm, may claim assistance towards the cost of goods and labour for a definite programme of improvement work. To make use of the stored fertility in old turf for more arable crops, grants of £7 per acre are given for ploughing up four year old pasture; or £12 if the land has been under grass for the last 12 years. To encourage the better use of grass a grant of up to £250 is made for a new silo.

Stockbreeders are helped in various ways. The services of beef bulls for the insemination of the less good milking cows are provided at nominal fees, the bulls being purchased by cattle breeding societies with grants of up to £120. The resulting calves carry subsidies of £7 or £8. Hill farmers receive £10 a head for breeding cows or heifers kept on the hill all the year round. Until last year a similar subsidy was being paid for hill ewes. Grants of £60 are made for the purchase of boars for the use of pig breeders. Farmers obtain substantial aid from the Exchequer towards the cost of fertilizers, which tend to be used too little on the under-capitalized farm, especially nitrogen and phosphates. The wooded and wet uplands are usually over-acid, and the cost of liming the hillsides is heavy. More than half the cost of purchase and spreading is refunded by the Agricultural Lime Department. Destruction of living enemies of the farmer, such as wood pigeons, grey squirrels, rabbits and moles, is assisted by grants towards cartridges, fencing, gassing powder, strychnine and bulldozers. These various aids are costing over £70 million a year. Even more important to farmers are the price guarantees for nearly everything produced on the farm, including cereals, fatstock, milk, eggs, potatoes, wool and sugar beet. In the case of milk, eggs, potatoes and wool there are Marketing Boards, which to some extent control production and organize sales, making good any deficiency between the prices they obtain on the market and the price guaranteed the farmer. The British Sugar Corporation dispenses the guarantee to sugar beet growers.

Cereals are covered by the Cereals Deficiency Payments Scheme. These deficiency payments come into operation when the average prices for home-grown cereals, realized by growers throughout the United Kingdom, are less than the standard prices. The standard prices are fixed early in the year after an annual price review wrangle between farmers and the Ministry. The last Minister of Agriculture, now Chancellor, allowed the Minister's hands to be tied within narrow limits in proposing reductions in any year. This is where the money goes. Owing to the fall in the world price of grain last year an extra £20,500,000 had to be guaranteed this year by the public purse. The total bill for cereal price support this year is estimated at £38 million. The egg price guarantee will be even more costly—£48 million this year, against £32 million last year. Under the new Egg Marketing Scheme all eggs are sold to the Egg Board, except for direct sales to consumers under special licence. The Board distributes the subsidy payments. Fat stock will remain the most expensive farm item on the taxpayer's account. When average

market prices fall below the standard price for the year farmers are guaranteed the difference. This year the guarantee is likely to cost £90 million, pigs and cattle taking by far the most. Milk will cost a mere £4 million. The trouble here is that our cows milk better every year, and now give us more than we can drink, even though the country as a whole drinks half as much again as before the war. More cheese, butter, ice cream and milk chocolate mean a higher subsidy.

Such strong public support for agriculture is justified by the knowledge that world food prices may rise again, perhaps next time during peace, through the hunger of a rising world population. If world prices rise subsidies will fall. In any event their main object is to raise the profitability of our farms by higher efficiency so as to make the subsidies unnecessary. As long as the shipping lanes are open the Canadian prairies can send us our daily bread. Our own moist and mild climate gives us the greenest grass in the world, though, in spite of new strains perfected by the scientists of Aberystwyth, our grass growing season remains shorter than in New Zealand. Grass, growing or conserved, and grass-eating livestock, are the best bet at present for a self-supporting home agriculture. But ability to do without a subsidy will depend, especially in the case of cattle, on closer contact between the hills of the north and west for breeding and the lowlands for fattening.

Sheep are coming back into popularity on this basis—hardy, milky ewes from the Scottish and Welsh borders and meaty rams from the southern downlands. Flocks must be self reliant at lambing and other times. And wool is coming into its own again, through its Marketing Board. British wool commands higher prices than any other in the world, except merino; and marketing costs are lower than in Australia.

A time may be approaching when the protein from grass will not have to be made fit for human consumption through cattle or sheep. Already a machine can extract the protein from leaves in concentrated form for animal food.

Pigs and poultry, on which the small dairy farmer relies for his second and third strings, depend largely on imported or coarse grains, such as barley. Fortunately our climate and soils are in general more suited to barley and oats than to wheat. Hence the encouragement given to the growing of these crops, to save the present huge bill for imported feeding stuffs. Unfortunately the better we farm, in response to encouragement, the lower prices are likely to be at a bumper harvest, and the quicker the Government must turn off the subsidy tap to save the public pocket. This hits especially hard the small man whose own labour makes a bill he cannot cut. The harder he works the lower his return often is. In the poultry world the most striking success in the last few years has been in the raising of young table birds on a very large scale—the broiler industry—combined with wholesale slaughterhouse and packaging methods borrowed from Chicago. Such innovations point the way to farming without subsidy, already possible for the large firm specializing in a few lines. If small farmers are to remain in the majority as at present, they will only do so by being closely knit in a co-operative system which will do more than market their crops and stock. It will provide finance for the purchase of stock, as the Fatstock Marketing Corporation is now doing; it will supply contractors and

machinery on a much wider scale than at present; it will lay down production quotas, as the Hops Board does now; and will supervise every farming operation from seed time to harvest, just as a big grass drying plant supervises the green crops it has contracted to buy. In other businesses amalgamation seems the order of the day. In farming co-operation of some sort may be an alternative. It is the only one in sight.

ANTHONY DELL

SLUMS

THIS record of a Northern dockland slums in 1938 still applies to hundreds of thousands of houses. In some areas only a small percentage of the tenants are English, and the standards of hygiene and good living conditions are about equal to that of darkest Africa. The smell of one of these filthy bug infested dwellings once experienced is never forgotten. Delaney's Court was locally known as the "Muck Hole." It was typical of many others, some of which still exist. The Court was about 18 feet wide and 80 feet deep. It comprised 12 dwellings, six on each side. There were narrow footpaths and the street was paved with setts. Across the top end of the Court was a terrace of six filthy W.Cs. open to all. It closed the Court in. There were five Courts like this, all back to back, therefore there was no through ventilation, no yards nor outbuildings. The houses were three-storeys high and had one window to each floor. They were very old. The brickwork had been dark red but a hundred years of dockland smoke had made them a uniform black. No. 3 Delaney's Court was typical of the rest, 60 of them comprising one area. The mortar in the joints of the brickwork had perished to a depth of three-eighths of an inch and, therefore, in driving rain there was percolating dampness in the front wall. The woodwork had at some time been painted, but it was now impossible to tell what the colour had been. Some of the windows had cardboard inserted where panes of glass were missing. Three worn stone steps led up to the front door which opened directly into the living-room. It was the only door in the house. The woman tenant appeared to be about 50. Her dirty cotton blouse was open at the neck. I would not like to guess how long it was since she had had a bath, but the condition of her hands, arms and neck showed she had not washed that morning. Her dark hair was matted and hung down ending in sharp points. Her features indicated heavy drinking. She did not speak and, in fact, took little notice of me even after the Sanitary Inspector had explained the purpose of my visit. A folder supplied by the authorities informed me, amongst other things, that the tenant was named O'Liffey and was a dock labourer. The rent was 12s. 6d. per week. There were four children—Pat aged 16 was a van boy, Eileen a daughter aged 15 worked in a pickle factory, and two boys Mick and Desmond aged 12 and 10 were at school. The solitary living-room served the purpose of kitchen, scullery and wash-house combined. The size was about 12 feet by 15 feet. There was a washing copper or boiler in the corner surrounded by a brick wall. It had a fire and steam was issuing from under the lid.

The dilapidated fireplace was a Yorkshire range with an oven and seemed to be functioning. On the mantel shelf over was an alarm clock and several tins. In a small recess formed in the back wall was a dirty chipped stoneware sink with a cold water tap over. Above this were shelves holding shaving tackle, a broken mirror, cups, saucers and plates. The floor of the living-room was covered with a dirty oil cloth, holed in places. I do not think it had ever been washed over since it was laid down, and there were rat holes in the corners. The furniture consisted of a deal table in the centre on which were still the dishes and remains of breakfast, three ordinary wooden chairs and a form. A broken and very dirty cupboard stood in a recess by the side of the fireplace. There was a rug in front of the fire matted almost solid with dirt. The walls had at one time been colour washed; patches of plaster had peeled off them as well as the ceiling, exposing brickwork and laths. The smell was distinct but almost indescribable. A mixture of sweat, dirt and dirty clothing. But there was also another very distinctive smell—that of infestation by bed bugs. The stairs, open to the two upper floors, went direct from the living-room. The space under the stairs was a store for coals, firewood, buckets and brushes and a home for rats. There was no covering on the stairs and the handrail was sticky with dirt. The first floor bedroom contained a metal double bedstead on which was a mattress, bolster and pillows. The exposed ticking was black with dirt. Some dirty grey blankets and a ragged canvas overlay comprised the bed clothes. There was also a mattress on the floor having similar coverings. The floor boards were bare and appeared never to have been washed. Over this floor had crawled several generations of children who had performed their natural functions followed perhaps by a wipe with a rag. The fireplace was plugged with newspapers. This bedroom was occupied by the father and mother, and the eldest girl slept on the mattress. All the children had been conceived and were born in this bedroom; there had also been two still births. There was a chair without a back and in the recess formed by the projecting fireplace was an upturned packing case covered with canvas. On the packing case were three of those highly coloured statuettes, the Virgin and Child flanked by two Saints. A small sixpenny oil lamp was lighted in front of the figures. My attention was attracted to movement on the central figure. Yes! there were bed bugs running up and down the centre-piece, doubtless attracted by the heat and smell of the oil lamp. On the walls were pasted highly coloured pictures portraying religious symbols. The walls had at one time been papered; it now hung in patches. These walls were covered with a distinct pattern as if someone had dipped a brush in brown sienna and drawn circular markings all over it. This was called "thumbing" and was done by squashing bugs with the thumb in a sweeping circular movement. On the ceiling were black sooty circular markings where efforts had been made to burn the bugs out of the cracks with a lighted candle. Bed bugs are most lively at night. They do not jump, but crawl over the ceilings and drop down on the bed when in search of a meal, flat, brown, crawly things about the shape and size of a ladybird. There could be no privacy in this bedroom. Father, mother and daughter must have dressed and undressed openly if they did so at all. A chamber utensil under the bed suggested its nightly use for all purposes. There was little that the daughter, aged 15, would not

know in connection with birth, deaths and procreation. The three boys slept in one bed in the bedroom on the top floor. The conditions were similar to those described in the bedroom below, plus evidence of a leaking room which had brought down patches of the plastered ceiling. Discarded clothes were hung on nails driven into the walls. None of the windows in any of these rooms would open, the sashcords had gone long ago and the sashes had been nailed up. Fleas were abundant and there were signs of rats and mice in all the rooms.

In one of the adjoining houses the tenant produced a large bowl. He removed the cover and showed me a mass of squirming black beetles; there must have been over a thousand of them. He knew I was coming round and had swept them up from the floors on the night before and kept them to show me. He was a decent ex-naval man and complained bitterly about the bad conditions in which he and his family were condemned to live. The O'Liffey family all had their mid-day meals outside, so Mrs. O'Liffey had most of the day to herself. One hesitates in attempting to describe the condition of the six outside W.Cs. which comprised the only lavatory accommodation for the 12 houses. They had once been privies but had compulsorily been converted into W.Cs. on the introduction of the water carriage system. The wooden seats had been broken off long ago. The walls, floors and fitments were extremely filthy. The doors were secured by string. It did not seem to be anyone's job to keep these places clean; possibly some of the tenants occasionally flushed one out with a bucket of water, and a broom, or this may have been done by the Corporation scavengers. No ordinary decent person could possibly use them; hence the use of chamber utensils which appeared to be general. The tenants emptied them into the nearest street gully.

The evidence of my eyes gives support to the following conclusions:

- (1) In these areas there was no parental control after the children had grown up and not much before.
- (2) Promiscuity was common, therefore many of the children did not know their own fathers.
- (3) Incest was not unknown. Cases came before the local Court.
- (4) Infantile mortality was very high, and infectious diseases such as tuberculosis, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough, ring-worm and impetigo very common.
- (5) As regards infantile mortality in the slums, the Ministry of Health made a check some time ago. When the death rate for England and Wales was 57 per 1,000, in certain selected slum areas it reached 121 per 1,000. Thus slums mean a death rate which may equal that of a battle-field.

Where no proper segregation of the sexes is possible, conditions such as these are sure to exist. The low standard of living, the absence of hygiene and ventilation, the filth and degradation invite disease and death.

There is no need for a Royal Commission to find the principal breeding ground of sexual perversion. The impact of trained Public Health Officers, Women Health Visitors, Maternity Hospitals and Children's Welfare Clinics, are all having considerable effect on these bad conditions, but the

greatest problem of them all is slum clearance. These improved facilities with better education will counteract the bad effects of many generations of ignorance and neglect, but it is too much to expect that the evils of several generations will be remedied in one.

WILLIAM T. BOWMAN

A NATIONAL LANGUAGE FOR INDIA ?

IN India the most unexpected subjects have a way of erupting suddenly into politics. Thus in recent months the apparently practical question of whether to replace English by Hindi as the official language of the Union, and if so when, has become the subject of bitter dissension between the North and the South, dissension carried on occasion to grotesque lengths. At one extreme we have protagonists of Hindi like the Socialist leader, Dr. Lohia, organizing a "Banish English Week" and urging people to take out processions and erase English names from signboards. And on the other side, in the South there is the incongruous picture of the erstwhile extreme nationalist, Mr. C. R. Rajagopalachari, emerging as the champion of English and talking about the threatened disintegration of India if Hindi is adopted as the official language. The Education Minister of Madras is reported to have received an anonymous threat of assassination if Hindi should be introduced in Madras schools even as an optional subject. Yet it is of the utmost importance that the whole language question should be considered dispassionately and settled once for all. Not only is the future unity of the country, both political and cultural, bound up with the development of a national language, but also the position given to English must affect India's contacts with the outside world. Moreover the whole educational system is involved; and the present uncertainty is affecting the educational standards of those now growing up to provide the technicians and educated man-power of the next generation.

When the British left India in 1947 the most striking fact about the language situation was that practically the whole of the country's administration, professional life and higher education was being conducted in a language understood by barely 1 per cent of the people—namely English. The ordinary peasant could not send a telegram or deal with officialdom in any way without employing an interpreter. He was virtually debarred from taking part in local or national politics; and if he was charged in a court of law he could not even understand the evidence brought against him. The blame for this state of affairs was placed by nationalist opinion, of course, on the British. They, it was said, had introduced English education as a means of training baboos for their offices; and ever since Macaulay's famous minute which first proposed devoting the funds available for education to the spread of "English learning," they had pursued this policy at the expense of "Indian learning." It was generally overlooked that the staunchest supporters of English in the nineteenth century had been the Indian nationalists themselves, such as Ram Mohan Roy, who saw in it a means of access to Western ideas. And indeed it is hard to see how the evolution to independence could have taken place without this influence. However this may be, it was clear that in the new

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democracy based on universal suffrage the people must have access to the language of government and higher education. Nor was it possible to envisage that everybody should learn English. Universal literacy was going to be difficult enough to achieve in any case, and was unthinkable in anything but an Indian language. It therefore seemed inevitable to Ghandi and the other nationalist leaders that the supremacy of English must go.

But what was to take its place? The linguistic pattern of India is much more complicated than that of other multi-lingual countries like the U.S.S.R. or Switzerland. In fact the 1951 census lists over 800 languages and dialects; most of these dialects spoken by small minorities. One hundred and sixteen for instance are Tibetan or Chinese dialects spoken by a few people on the north-east border. But this still leaves 13 main languages, spoken (except for Urdu, the language of the Muslims) in fairly compact areas. These are now known as the regional languages. Of these Hindi and Urdu together account for about 40 per cent of the population. (Hindi and Urdu are very closely related and differ mainly in having different scripts.) Another seven are North Indian languages more or less closely related to Hindi. But there are also the four main South Indian languages, which are quite distinct.

In these circumstances the only solution seemed to be that the regional languages should be used in their own areas for official purposes and as the medium of instruction in schools, and that every effort should be made to develop Hindi (on the ground that it is spoken by more people than any other single language) into a truly national language so that it could eventually be used as the official language of the Union. The new Constitution, therefore, which came into force in 1950, laid down that each state could choose Hindi or the relevant regional language as its official language. Hindi was to become the official language of the Union after a preparatory period of fifteen years during which English was to continue. Meanwhile every effort was to be made to promote the growth of Hindi into the accepted medium of pan-Indian communication. The 15 years are now slipping by, and as 1965 approaches it is becoming obvious that the matter of producing a national language to order is not simple. An "Official Language Commission," appointed by the Union Government to consider the progress made, has reported recently, and has focused attention on some of the difficulties, and also made it clear that the political agitation of the anti-Hindi South is not entirely without foundation.

One obstacle is common to all the Indian languages. Owing to the supremacy of English in the last 100 years there are practically no terms in any of them for the modern sciences, or even for administration, diplomacy, law, etc. This deficiency affects not only administration and public life but also the teaching of almost every subject beyond the most elementary stages. The problem of coining or adapting new words is being tackled for Hindi by a specially formed Hindi Division of the Union Ministry of Education, with the help of numerous expert committees, and for the regional languages by many official and non-official bodies. The Hindi Division hopes to have listed 300,000 basic terms for the major sciences and arts by 1960. Nevertheless the Official Language Commission points out the need for much greater co-ordination and the desirability

of using the same terms as far as possible in all languages. Things are not helped by the fact that several states have put out their own lists of Hindi terms for ordinary administration, nor by an ultra-patriotic tendency to use long Sanscrit words in order to avoid at all costs adopting an English word. In spite of this difficulty the change to the regional languages in the states is going ahead. Some states, like Madhya Pradesh, which had a particularly enthusiastic chief minister, took the plunge quite early by simply directing that all government business should be done in the regional language after a certain date. On the whole it worked well, most people being pleased that baboo English had given way to a language in which even clerks could express themselves. Other states like Bombay are still using only English; but since the reorganization of the states' boundaries last year, as a result of which they now correspond closely with linguistic areas, the pace will no doubt quicken. Madras has recently decided to change to Tamil.

In the field of education much more importance is now given to the regional languages. Almost all schools now have Hindi or the regional language as the medium of instruction for general subjects (where previously it was English); and some of the Universities too have changed over, at any rate for arts subjects, despite an acute shortage of text books and of staff competent to lecture in Indian languages. These are in any case temporary problems. The next generation will know their own regional language much better than English. In ordinary social intercourse one notices already a much greater use of Indian languages among educated people who a few years ago would have used English.

The problem of changing to Hindi at the all-India level is proving much more difficult. For one thing, in the huge complex of Central Government departments the purely technical problems are much greater. Until recently there was not even a standardized keyboard for Hindi typewriters. And there are the special problems of government agencies, like the railways and post offices, which serve the whole of India and will presumably have to deal with each region in its own language while carrying on their internal work in Hindi. The language of the law courts is a problem on its own. The Constitution recognizes that any change from English here will need very thorough preparation, and therefore excepts this field from the 15 years' time limit. The crux of the matter, of course, is that Hindi is not the mother tongue of a large proportion of those involved. And since government service still provides the most rewarding and worthwhile career to the best brains of the country it is understandable that South Indians (and to a less extent Bengalis, whose language is also not closely related to Hindi) should feel apprehensive that they will be at a permanent disadvantage, especially in matters of selection and promotion. The question of recruitment to the all-India government services is especially tricky, since the all-India competitive examination, on which it has always been based, will become very difficult when higher education takes place in the regional languages.

These considerations are the basis, in so far as it has a logical basis, of the agitation in the South, and have led even the Congress Government of Madras to propose that English and Hindi should be made joint official languages. Others, like Mr. Rajagopalachari and Sir Mirza Ismail, the

former Prime Minister of Mysore, go much further and want the Constitution to be so amended that English shall continue as the official language indefinitely. Unfortunately the Dravida Kazhagam, a party of extremists some of whom want Madras to break off from India and form a Tamil-speaking state with North Ceylon, is exploiting the subject for its own ends; and wild talk of Hindi as an instrument by which the North can oppress the South comes in handy. As a result of all this pressure this year's session of the All-India Congress party attempted a compromise by agreeing that English may have to continue to be used after 1965. And here for the moment the matter rests.

One thing of value seems to have emerged from the controversy—a new recognition of the need to keep English as a second language even after Hindi becomes the national language. It is undeniable that the standard of English reached in the schools has fallen enormously in the last 10 years, largely because of the change to the regional languages as the medium of instruction. The Universities are also being affected, even those which still teach in English, because of the low standard of new entrants. As a result it is now rare to find a graduate who can write simple English correctly. This state of affairs has begun to alarm even the staunchest supporters of Hindi, for the country's development plans depend on a supply of technicians and scientists who can in the near future only be trained through the medium of English. The more broad-minded leaders, like Mr. Nehru, also realize the value of keeping an open door to Western ideas and contacts, which in the circumstances only English can do. Education Departments are therefore now urging schools to teach English as a compulsory subject for at least six years, whereas a year or two ago they were content to let it be optional. It is also being realized that modern methods of foreign language teaching are needed, and an institute is soon to be established at Hyderabad, probably with the help of the British Council, to train teachers of English. The pattern that seems likely to emerge, therefore, when the smoke has died down, is: Hindi at the all-India level, whether or not the 15 years' limit is adhered to; a much greater use of the regional languages in their own areas; and English as a widely understood subsidiary language. It is to be hoped that some such solution will soon be agreed to.

Poona.

RHONA GHATE

THE CENTENARY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

BRITISH COLUMBIA celebrates its centenary anniversary this year. It was officially created a colony when James Douglas, Governor of the Crown colony of Vancouver, and Matthew Baillie Begbie, a lawyer, arrived at Fort Langley on the Fraser River on November 19, 1858. Here they supervised the constitutional birth of the youngest member of the British colonies. Douglas installed Begbie as the only judge on the mainland west of the Rockies, and after Douglas was given a royal commission from Begbie, the new colony was merged with Vancouver Island to form the newly created British Columbia under the governorship

of Douglas. Thus a new colony was born with a faint salute of muskets and cannons.

Although Douglas and Begbie had proclaimed a colony on paper, they were faced with the tremendous task of shaping the political structure of the new territory which was isolated from British rule by the oceans while a wide stretch of continent separated it from the nearest British colonies. Therefore Douglas had to administer his self-made laws until the British Government could make alternative arrangements. It was indeed a critical time as there were enough foreigners looking for gold on the bank of the Fraser to take the law into their own hands. Fortunately, little gold was found and most foreigners withdrew. But in the autumn of 1860 four gold explorers rushed forward into the upper creeks of the Fraser where no white man had ever been. Here they found full ounce gold nuggets in the sand. The following spring this brought a wave of gold seekers from all parts of the American continent. But the uneven terrain made it difficult for them to reach their destination as the only feasible route was by a long detour up the Harrison River, then across inland lakes and portages back to the Fraser River at Lillooet and across the Cariboo plateau and into the westernmost parts of the Rockies. Here the goldminers built the town of Barkerville on Williams Creek.

In order that the people of Barkerville would not starve through being isolated from the coast Douglas had the 381-mile long Cariboo Road built up the Fraser canyon, across the Cariboo and hence to Barkerville at a cost of \$1,250,000 which he borrowed without legal authority. This road carried all kinds of transport, and brought the first white population to the far west. It was maintained for half a century and provided the foundations when a new road was built in the 1920's. However, British Columbia did not participate in the Confederation declared in Eastern Canada in 1867 until the Canadian Pacific Railway blasted its way through the Rockies and the canyon to reach the west coast in 1885, thus linking the colony firmly to the eastern provinces. When motor vehicles came into existence, highways were blasted across the three mountain ranges from east to west. Even today the physical structure of British Columbia offers the same tasks as it did a hundred years ago—that of blasting channels through solid rock to make highways to the east.

Though there is still much to be done before British Columbia is completely conquered physically, her population has continued to grow and today she makes an important contribution towards the nation's economy. Covering an area of just over three times the size of the British Isles, the Province has a population of about 1.5 million, the majority of whom live on the lower mainland and on Vancouver Island, but concentrations are found in the Kootenay and Okanagan areas. The remainder of the Province is almost devoid of population. Its level of population is growing faster than in any other province, the increase being 6.3 per cent between 1956 and 1957, while the increase for the rest of Canada was only 3.2 per cent. The Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects estimates that the population will be over three million by 1975. The next 10 years is likely to see a drift of population northwards with the development of mining, gas and oil in the north and north-east, and the opening up of road and rail communications.

Moreover, the residents of British Columbia have one of the highest standards of living in the world, and surpasses the other provinces in the amount spent per capita. Furthermore, they enjoy a high standard of public welfare services. This prosperity has, of course, been brought about through increased industrial production, which rose from \$529 million in 1945 to \$1,740 million in 1956. The mainstay of the economy is still natural resources, such as forest and forest products, mining, agriculture, fishing, oil and natural gas, though secondary industries are being established. The forest industries form the most important sector of the economy. They range from logging to sawmilling, veneer production, newsprint and pulp mills, and employ 70,000 workers. In 1956 their products were valued at \$628,586,000. It is estimated that the forest industries will provide products to the value of \$1,347 million annually by 1975 and will employ 111,000 people. Outside Canada the expanding markets for these products will be mainly the United States and the United Kingdom. Mining is the other important sector of the economy, and in 1956 production was valued at \$189 million. The Province produces most of Canada's zinc and lead, and some of its copper, while gold and silver are produced as by-products. Last year a fall in metal prices caused some depression in the industry, although metals account for 15 per cent of the export. However, extensive surveys are being carried out in the north with the view of opening up new mines once the world demand for metals increases.

Natural gas, oil and coal are important natural resources of power. Oil is used in some of the small Diesel stations in isolated areas, and British Columbia Electric is building a 1.2 million h.p. thermal station which will use natural gas. The first four of six units of this station should be completed by 1963 or 1964. Moreover, the first oil wells started continuous production in June 1956, and a natural gas pipeline from the Peace River area to Vancouver and the United States border was completed in September 1957. It is operated by the West coast Transmission Company and carries 400 million cubic feet a day. Oil is refined at Dawson, but no pipeline exists yet from the oilfields. There are 18 oil and 118 gas producing wells. It is likely that the Peace River area will in future become a large producer of oil and gas.

The other important natural resource is the fishing industry, which employs 15,000 people and has a fleet of 7,000 ships. Salmon is the chief source of income, accounting for \$44.3 million out of a total of \$67.5 million in 1956, but other important sources are herrings, halibut and sole. Within the next 25 years present landings are expected to double. On the other hand only 4,538,881 acres of the Province's land is farmed, although another 4,615,000 acres of potential farmland exists, mainly in the Peace River area, if large-scale reclamation is carried out. Most of the farming regions specialize in the cultivation of one particular crop or the raising of livestock. The farmers' greatest problem is the shortage of labour as most young people are leaving the land for better paid jobs.

Apart from developing these natural resources a number of secondary industries are being established in the Province, and many of them are already competing with the industrial centres of Ontario for the eastern Canadian markets. Western Canada's first important pig iron and steel-smelting plant is being constructed at Kimberley by the Consolidated

Mining and Smelting Company. It will have an initial output of between 100 and 150 tons of pig iron a day. All these developments have been made possible because hydro-electric resources have doubled in the last 10 years and capacity is now about three million horsepower. Still British Columbia is only beginning to make use of its water resources. Potential hydro-electric power, apart from that in the north-east, is estimated at 35 million horsepower, and schemes are in hand for developing much of this unused power. At Kitimat a tributary of the Fraser is diverted westwards and downwards, and the British Columbia Electric is boring a second tunnel through Mission Mountain at Bridge River.

Within a hundred years of her birth British Columbia is emerging as Canada's second important industrial centre, and it is big business in every industry except agriculture. At present the Province is experiencing an unprecedented development, which is likely to continue for several years providing present economic conditions prevail. Nevertheless, the mainstay of the economy remains primarily dependent on the Province's own natural resources and the ability to exploit them. Therefore, most of the secondary industries now being established are designed to use the materials of the natural resources. Despite the considerable progress already made, there is still much physical work ahead before full use can be made of British Columbia's resources.

E. H. RAWLINGS

CARIBBEAN COCKPIT

WHEN you stand on the crumbling terrace of Henri Christophe's mighty palace of San Souci a dozen miles inland from Cape Haitien, on the northern coast of the Black Republic, a rich alluvial plain stretches before you for miles to the south, east and west. Behind you rise foothills, sharply ascending to the mountains, atop the highest of which stands the famous Citadel, built by the negro potentate at the cost of, as some say, the lives of a hundred thousand slave-workers. In all history the only parallel to this stupendous and tragic accomplishment is the construction of the Egyptian Pyramids. But life has always been cheap in Haiti. It is as cheap today as ever, though the sacrifice is now not to strife but to hunger. As you read this scores are slowly dying of starvation and the diseases due to ill-nutrition. Yet it is by no means certain that the time will not come, as it has come in the past, when desperation will drive these sufferers to acts such as made Haiti the cockpit of the Caribbean less than two centuries ago. Today's rumblings may be the prelude to another storm. Twice in the last two-score years conditions have been such that American military forces have had to take over. It is altogether probable that may happen again. Yet the production potential of the northern third of the island of Santo Domingo-Columbus's Hispaniola—is probably greater than any approximate area on earth. The incredibly rich alluvial plain you see before you from the ruins of San Souci, which was built on a hillock by ten thousand of Christophe's slaves, was covered once with abundantly productive sugar, cotton and cocoa plantations which brought the French planters at one period more than half a billion dollars of annual profits. Nobles of France lived in a luxury like that of decadent

Rome. Some of the great estates were worked by overseers for the benefit of landlords similarly profligate in France.

High, wide and handsome beyond the farthest flights of your fancy was the manner of existence of the French planters of Haiti, then known as San Dominique. You can see here and there if you ride across the plain toward yonder distant mountains that cut the island in half the ruins of some of the great estates, crumbled masonry, tangles of rusted metal which was the cunningly-wrought grills of the noble entrances, here and there a patch of courtyard adorned as were the patios of the houses of Pompeii. More than half a million slaves served the French nobles of San Dominique, which is about the area of the State of Vermont. They were treated worse than animals, being much less valuable. A favourite diversion of the planters when in a jocular mood was a kind of ghastly game of bowls. Slaves were buried in the ground up to their necks, in the shape of a set of ten-pins. The "bowling" was done by iron cannon-balls. The centre of hilarity, was the town, known then as Cap Francois, today Cap Haitien. It is supposed to have been founded by Columbus. It was the most lurid spot in a lurid community, a community where, as in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, joy was unconfined, and the limit was the broad blue sea round about. There was a casino. You can contemplate its site today. The ground floor was the dance-hall and bar. Upstairs were the gaming rooms and —other rooms. In these "hostesses" entertained. They were mulattos mostly, selected from all San Dominique for their comeliness of face and form. Every planter had his harem of such, varying in size according to his means. They also had their white wives. These were not, of course, brought to the casino, but they had, naturally, interests of their own. The casino was owned by an old French soldier, Francois. He lacked three fingers of his right hand, an eye and his left ear, lost in the cause of *la patrie*. He became, so they say, a millionaire—at least in francs—out of the casino, but his heart was large and warm, and, in secret of course, he aided many a broken outcast black. The mulattos then, as now, were contemptuous of those blacks. They were a kind of middle class, but closer to the planters by many ties, and in the storm to come they sided with them, and were, by the thousands, destroyed with them.

The negro population of San Dominique outnumbered the whites by more than 20 to one, but no people anywhere at any time in history have been held in deeper contempt than these by their French masters. If they fell ill or were injured at work, as often happened, no white doctor would so much as look at them. He himself would have fallen into ill-repute if he had. The worst thing that could be said of anybody in the island of San Dominique in the latter part of the eighteenth century was to call him "*un ami de les noirs*." But the drums were commencing to beat across the plain and through the jungle. Many slaves had managed to escape and in the depths of the woods the soldiery could not find them. As a matter of fact, they did not try very hard. There were plenty more. That these refugees could stir up trouble was no more anticipated by the nobles of San Dominique than that Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette would go to the guillotine by the nobles of France. Tom-tom, tom-titty-tom, tom-titty-titty-titty-tom-titty-tom, went the drums. Even today, if you are up in the hills at Petion, above Port au Prince, you can hear the drums at night,

every night. You do not know what they are saying, any more than the French planters knew, or cared. They may be conveying no more than some neighbourhood gossip, or they may be telling of the latest riot in Port au Prince. The language they are using will in any case be that of 150 years ago. Or, for the matter of that, the same as used in the African jungle a thousand years ago. Every negro read the tale, and reads it today, as easily as the experienced telegrapher the Morse Code, as easily as his forbears in the ancient forests read it. There was in it, in the days of the French glory of San Dominique, that which boded ill for the white man. Who knows what it may be saying of these very nights?

Haiti is the cockpit of the Caribbean. And in rising tempo over mountain and plain the drums sent the story of the white man's cruelty to the blacks, the story that inspired and fomented the worst—and the only successful—slave uprising in history, to turn luxury, beauty and opulence into terror and destruction and death, and to make of San Dominique such a place as is best described by the fore-going term. In spreading fury the voodoo orgies worked the blacks into ever-maddening frenzy. Deep in the subconsciousness of everyone was—aye, and remains to this day—the hatred of the white man, born of the rape of the jungle villages, the desecration of the jungle gods, and the years of servitude in a far land that followed. The volcano was rumbling, its portents now too clear to be disregarded even by the most arrogant of the planters. It was evident that widespread revolt only waited upon competent leadership. A few planters abandoned everything and fled to America, in some cases to English Jamaica. But most waited too long. Then came the fall of the Bastille, finally the beheading of the French sovereigns. All of it was reported by the drums to the half million blacks of San Dominique.

The 30,000 French of San Dominique were done for. In '93 the Assembly of the Revolution decreed the freeing of the slaves. The military commanders refused to obey. The drums announced the opening of revolt, worst of its kind in all history. For the blacks had found their leader, even Toussaint l'Ouverture—"the Opener." The Assembly, too, appointed him to military command of San Dominique, though all the French scorned the appointment. But Toussaint's power over the blacks was absolute, and second only to it was that of his two principal lieutenants, Jean Jacques Dessalines and the ex-slave Henri Christophe. But, Napoleon having abrogated the degree of freedom, Rochambeau arrived with a great fleet and army and Toussaint had to capitulate. The Frenchman ruthlessly violated every condition of the capitulation, every truce, and slaughtered right and left. But there were many blacks who had not surrendered. They held French prisoners. And as Rochambeau massacred 500 negroes in a single day, in retaliation the blacks mercilessly killed an equal number of French hostages.

But Rochambeau could not long prevail. The climate allied itself with the blacks against him, and yellow fever dissipated his army. Napoleon sent LeClerc, his brother-in-law, out to suffer the same fate. All he achieved was the treacherous kidnapping of L'Ouverture, who was condemned by Napoleon to die in an Alpine dungeon. Dessalines followed Toussaint, proclaiming himself James I, Emperor of Haiti. This was the original native name, restored by the blacks in place of the French San Dominique. Henri Christophe was next in power.

Haiti was no longer harassed by the French, for Napoleon had sold Louisiana to the United States and there were few French left in the island. But a rival to Dessalines had set himself up in the southern part, beyond the mountain ranges, Alexander Petion. He was a mulatto, therefore traditionally hostile to the blacks. He ordered Dessalines to relinquish the imperial title and call himself simply "Governor-General of the North." But power had, as usual, corrupted the negro potentate and he refused. Civil war recommenced, and Dessalines, his tyranny passing all bounds, was killed by his own soldiers.

Yet, unspeakable as were his deeds, he is considered a national hero today, and his statue stands in the market-place of Cap Haitien. The Haitians will tell you that he was no more ruthless than Rochambeau, or than the husband of Pauline Bonaparte, LeClerc, and that is true enough. Perhaps at no period of modern history anywhere was human life cheaper than in Haiti at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The people now turned to Henri Christophe and asked him to be President. True to precedent, he refused, and proclaimed himself "Henri I, King of Haiti." Rapidly his arrogance and his ruthlessness grew. He killed men for no more than disagreeing on trifles. He drove the slaves, in building San Souci and the mountaintop Citadel, as the French had driven them, if not worse. And although his plans for the economic and cultural aggrandizement of his country made sense and were feasible, considering the labour he had at command, megalomania presently dominated his every thought and act. Yet he had books and art treasures brought from Europe, he established a hospital and imported from England its equipment, together with a Scottish doctor to direct it. He invited a protégé of the painter, Lawrence Richard Evans, to come out and live at San Souci in the capacity of "painter-in-ordinary" after the fashion of what he had heard of European monarchs.

He drove the negro labourers at such a pace that they soon realized they had exchanged one form of slavery for another. French servitude for that of one of their own kind. Production approached the most opulent French days when 80,000 tons of sugar was the annual output, 25,000 hogshead of molasses and 35,000 tons of cotton, besides a large amount of coffee, cocoa, indigo, and rum. But the slaves were again restive. In the south Petion had died and Jean Pierre Boyer had replaced him. Boyer declared implacable war against "King" Henri, and numbers of the latter's troops fled across the mountains daily to join the southern leader who was reputedly a benevolent leader. Hundreds of slaves, too, crept across the border. At last Christophe saw the game was up. Moreover, he had been seized, in one of his frenzies, with a paralysis that incapacitated him almost entirely. When told that the last of his army had gone over to Boyer he shot himself, with what is said to have been a silver bullet. The voodoo witch-doctors had told him, so the story goes, that no other would be effective.

Following Christophe the story of Haiti is exactly in line with what is happening today, though so far there is less blood-letting. But anyone who knows these people, is familiar with their tradition, understands only too clear that it may come. In the course of threequarters of a century following "King" Christophe Haiti had more than 30 rulers. None of

them knew a peaceful reign and few died natural deaths. One proclaimed himself Faustian the First. He failed to make this stick. Once a woman announced herself "Empress." She was soon disposed of. Conditions grew yearly worse, until in 1915 America took over, remaining, more or less, until 1934. The next dozen years saw several revolutions. In 1946 Dumarsais Estimè, a black, became President and, with American aid, showed some prospect of being able to stabilize the long-embroiled little country. He failed largely because of the centuries-old implacable mulatto hostility.

No one can say what the future holds for Haiti, but it is as certain as anything can be that there will be no stabilization. If nothing else barred it the black-mulatto hostility can be reconciled by no means now apparent. If one side rules the other will certainly endeavour to overthrow it. A compromise-mixed-government would only mean chaos. And behind it all is the misery of almost nine-tenths of the peasantry, at heart as bitter against the opulent tenth as ever were their forbears of the eighteenth century. And behind, bulwarking it, keeping it ever fermenting, is the resentment of the progeny of a slave civilization, a subconscious conviction of cruelty and torment. That conviction exists, as a matter of fact, among all the blacks of the Caribbean area and it will never die. Decent treatment and a reasonable standard of living alone can keep it in abeyance, prevent its gaining the ascendancy and then implementing itself in some fashion full of potentialities not pleasant to contemplate. That is likeliest to come, if it ever does come, in Haiti, where the standard of living is lowest, where the mass is less literate and most backward culturally, and where the tradition of bloodshed is strongest.

Yet of all the "tropical paradises" of all the seas none is fairer than this. Perfect climate, matchless scenery, leisurely living, an amiable native race when they are in good temper, all this combines with a strange sense of something "different" to make the appeal of Haiti as potent as that of Tahiti or of Bali. Until the recent tourist rush and the resultant lavish hotels built by Americans, you could live in Haiti cheaper than anywhere else in the Caribbean. The tourist influx has, of course, raised the general prices scale, just as it has in Jamaica, Puerto Rico or Trinidad. Yet there still remain, or did until the current troubles, plenty of small pensions where you could board decently for five or six dollars a day. It is a fascinating land, with perhaps the focal point of its allure the eerie strangeness of the massive ruins of that gigantic structure up there on its mountain pinnacle deep in the heart of the tropical forest, more than 3,000 feet up, one end shaped like the prow of an enormous ship about to take off into space itself, the "eighth wonder of the world."

MARC T. GREENE

THE DEAD MAN

Translated from the Swedish of Esaias Tegnér (1782-1846)

*You loved me. So when I am dead and gone
And yet, as is likely, my name and my song
Go on living for a while in these lands,
Then often enough you'll meet with the demand:
"From a man's innermost being derives his verse:
You knew him well; so tell us how he really was,
Because many influential people, here and there,
Discuss him, contradicting one another."
Then you think to yourself: "Yes I knew him well,
And from the open pages of his mind read all—
An uproarious mind, generating its own hurt
And finally burnt up by his own flames' spirit,
A touchy mind, unstable, childlike and suspicious,
It underwent a life both beautiful and vicious.
I did not know him as a boy; but the man's heart
Was torn and consumed between huge joy and huge hurt;
Now glad as a god in the gods' big room,
Now low as one of the damned awaiting his doom;
Ever youthful with his continuous 'I want',
He still was devout, and generous, much experienced.
And after many affairs, to which he freely owned,
His heart came to its home with mine at the end.
I accepted his love, for surely it was not to be missed,
Since it was his warmest as it was his last,
And the man with the widely-known name
Eventually won his peace within my arms.
How often—in that embrace—he dared to speak
Of an 'eternal fidelity' which he would not break!
Yet in life it was my love which satisfied,
And it was with my name on his lips that he died."*

*Thus you think (though of course it cannot be said),
And then, perhaps, this paper when it's read
Will have a value which it does not now possess:
From it you'll learn what your love to him was,
And, stirred, will remember those days of ours then past,
Will grieve if you ever turned against him in your haste.*

*You loved me. So whenever you come to stand
Beside my grave, while the longed-for spring descends
From heaven, as it does now, and brings the shoot
Of bud and leaf, brings birdsong, to the land about,
Say within your heart one friendly word
To the slumberer who lies under the earth—dead:
For death itself cannot my love so break
But, such as I am, I still shall hear you speak.*

FRANCIS BERRY

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CHURCHILLIAN HISTORY

The years 1688-1815 covered in the third volume of Sir Winston's *History* should have given him great scope for his wide and distinctive talents as an historian. It is a period of almost continuous warfare. King William III's war against France becomes the War of the Spanish Succession, and then the War of the Austrian Succession. The Seven Years War supersedes both in extent and intensity. The War of American Independence is not ended before the French Revolutionary Wars begin and the Wars of Napoleon dominate the end of the period—a period which begins with the Boyne and ends with Waterloo. Three great Revolutions—1688, 1775, 1789—all involve Britain in war with France and their influence still runs deep and strong. Thrown in for good measure are the two Jacobite risings in 1715 and 1745, the Anglo-American war of 1812 and the unfolding panorama of Empire. Nor does the period covered by Sir Winston's fourth and last volume paint the traditional picture of the nineteenth century as a mere "hundred years peace." One third of this volume deals with war in the Crimea, India, the United States, Egypt, South Africa, while the core of the book is "the great republic" and the war between the States which forged it, that "noblest and least avoidable of all the great mass conflicts."

All this Sir Winston loves. Both these books are about politics and war—and politics mainly as they influence the national capacity for making war. The central theme is war: its techniques, tactics, strategy, equipment, its topography and its problems. It has been said that to Sir Winston statesmanship is the art of waging war and making peace abroad, and politics the art of obtaining power and keeping it at home. All historical writing is partial and personal. Sir Winston's partialities are, at least, explicit. War, the expansion of State power, a desire to dominate, a delight in battle—these are permanent factors, however reprehensible, in history, and to pass them by with averted head is to be guilty of just as grave partiality as Sir Winston's. And his harshest critics could not maintain that he, either as historian or statesman, is a blind admirer of conflict and power for its own sake; his basic concept is one of the ultimate triumph of order and liberty—the order and liberty of the English-speaking peoples. This last volume especially is dominated by the idea of fundamental similarities between Great Britain and the United States, the need of the alliance, the hope of some "ultimate union."

For him there is no doubt as to who are the great men in these two centuries. They are the men of action who dominate events: Marlborough "who raised the British nation to a height in the world it had never before attained"; Clive "that vehement, tormented spirit"; Washington; Napoleon; Wellington; the generals of the Civil War, Sherman, Lee, Stonewall Jackson. These are the men who move the world. There is no place in Sir Winston's history for poets and writers, dreamers and social reformers, inventors and political philosophers. Samuel Johnson is barely mentioned. Gibbon is a captain in the Hampshire grenadiers. In the "Augustan Age of English Letters" Berkeley, Hervey, Boswell have no part. Is a great man simply one who won the greatest battles (that is, those in which most people got killed)? It is not easy to avoid this melancholy conclusion. But it is nonsensical to criticise Sir Winston for not writing different history. In him the man of action and the writer are one; and this is particularly true in *The Great Democracies*, the most autobiographical volume—and the best—of his *History*.

Modern history, fortunately, is no longer confined to the subjects of the Harrow text-books before the century began. Battles, treaties, the romance of empire: all very splendid in their way—but no longer enough. Sir Winston, understandably, has no sympathy with the self-seekers and placemen of the

eighteenth-century House of Commons. "All that was keen and adventurous in the English character writhed under this sordid, sleepy government" he writes of Walpole. His views on George III have long been exploded. Bismarck is the brilliant, unscrupulous figure of the schoolbooks. Gordon is the shining Arthurian knight. In both books intellectual history is neglected. There is little account of religious controversy. Cultural history is severely limited. In Volume III there is one paragraph only on the industrial revolution and nothing at all on its causes. There is little in Volume IV on commercial expansion and migration. The great debates of the American and French Revolutions are not described; yet these are the core and climax of the Age of Revolutions and dominate the nineteenth century. Surely they are more potent and interesting than endless, nasty and brutish campaigns on the Elbe and Potomac. An American radical and a French Jacobin, one feels, are as improbable and mysterious figures to Sir Winston as a convinced Marxist. But these, one suspects, are the men who make and move history long after the captains have departed. His definition of the "History of a People" is narrow in one other respect: the people themselves do not appear on his stage. Certainly the eighteenth century was ruled and shaped by small aristocratic groups. Certainly it was not until well into the nineteenth century that the masses began to be heard. Certainly nothing could be more dull and ephemeral than much social history. But somewhere in the background these English-speaking peoples did exist: the peasants, the traders, the frontiersmen, the Calicut merchants, the workers in the mills and factories of the north. And they do not exist in these books.

Sir Winston's historical vision is subjective, scrappy and partial. It is all these things. But what he does see and describe, he describes with all his unique power and clarity. Particularly in *The Great Democracies*, his style is as pungent and eloquent as ever. The old sense of urgency and drama is still there. His general reflections and historical parallels are fresh and pithy. His sweeping power of narrative dominates both books. This is exasperating and unbalanced history. It is also great history. And optimistic history: "the future is unknowable, the past should give us hope."

ROBERT BLACKBURN

History of the English Speaking Peoples: Vol. III—The Age of Revolution: Vol. IV—The Great Democracies. By Sir Winston Churchill. Cassell. 30s. each.

JAPAN RESTORED

Seldom is a reviewer confronted with three books which follow one another in such orderly sequence as those here under consideration. Richard Storry shows how the Japanese armed forces came to secure control over national policy and to plunge Japan into a war which its more far-sighted statesmen rightly feared could only end in disaster. General Kirby and his team of experts describe the opening stages of that war, a period which saw the Japanese Army advancing from victory to victory and seemingly disproving the forebodings of the wise old Genro Saionji and a handful of others who, even in the dark days of September, 1940, had remained convinced of the ultimate defeat of Germany by Great Britain and opposed the German alliance accordingly. And Professor Allen's masterly work recounts the remarkable way in which Japan has become once more a great world Power.

In his very able account of the developments leading to the acquisition of virtual control of Japan by its Army, Mr. Storry has made good use of the vast volume of information—much of it never before available—produced in the course of the Tokyo War Crime trials and supplemented by the invaluable Saionji-Harada memoirs. The "double patriots" of the title were the extreme nationalists or super-patriots who, from the 1880's onwards and more par-

ticularly in the 1920's and 1930's, played such a pernicious part in stirring up national sentiment and forcing the country into the forward policy which led to Pearl Harbour and all its fatal consequences. The *Genyosha* and the notorious Black Dragon Society, which had been formed by these extremists in the early days of the ultra-nationalist movement, were largely composed of civilians; but although their members had, from the start, been used by the Army for Intelligence and other purposes on the neighbouring mainland, it was not until the 1920's that certain of the numerous reactionary bodies spawned by these two organisations began to establish close working relations with the "young officer" groups. About this time, too, the Army leaders themselves began to split into cliques, each intriguing against the others. The results of these intrigues and of the increasing close and baneful connection between the young officer groups and the civilian "double patriots" became particularly marked after the incursion into Manchuria in 1931, and it is in the unravelling and elucidating of the consequent developments that this book provides a story of such absorbing interest. The picture that emerges shows that the pace of the advance along the road to Pearl Harbour was set, not so much by the Army leaders as by the proddings of their subordinates, who were being influenced by the civilian extremists. More surprising to many will be the criticism directed against the Emperor and the disregard of his wishes by certain military elements, who resented his liberal outlook and his attempts to bring the Army under control.

It was against the Emperor's wishes that the Army finally plunged the country into war, and in the first volume of *The War Against Japan* we are given a vivid picture of the campaigns in Malaya, Hong Kong, North Borneo and Indonesia, well illustrated with excellent maps. It is sad reading, for it is made painfully clear that, brilliantly as the Japanese conducted their operations, much of their success was due to inexcusable underrating of Japanese military prowess. Detailed information on Japanese tactics and ability was available, but this, together with warnings from successive British Military Attachés in Tokyo and other well-placed observers, had been either ignored or disbelieved. As a result, disasters followed in rapid succession. It is the great merit of this volume that each of these tragic happenings is analysed with an objective lucidity not always found in official histories.

Later volumes will carry on the story to the final defeat of Japan, and it is from that point, where Japan is left prostrate and seemingly beyond revival as a great industrial Power for many decades to come, that Professor Allen takes up the tale. In it he shows how, through a combination of good fortune, skilful management, hard work, and readiness to face unpleasant facts, Japan has already been restored to sound economic and financial health.

MALCOLM D. KENNEDY

The Double Patriots. By Richard Storry. Chatto & Windus. 25s.

The War Against Japan. Vol. I. By Major-General Kirby. H.M. Stationery Office. 55s.

Japan's Economic Recovery. By G. C. Allen. Oxford University Press. 25s.

GERMAN INVASION FAILURE

Mr. Wheatley gives us an accurate account of the plan for the invasion of England in 1940 compiled from German official sources, showing clearly the lack of understanding of each other's problems between the three fighting forces, their lack of co-operation and unified thinking. Germany had ample military forces available for the conquest of Britain, especially just after Dunkirk, if only they could have been landed and maintained on the broad front proposed by the army, stretching from Margate to the Isle of Wight with an auxiliary landing in Lyme Bay, provided only that the Luftwaffe and Navy were able to play their part. She even had most detailed plans for setting up

the Gestapo. Goering of course was confident that the Luftwaffe could crush the R.A.F., and Hitler had no doubts, but Admiral Raeder at once pointed out that the scheme was far beyond the resources of the German Navy. The Army were eventually induced to concur in a landing between Deal and Brighton, the main attack concentrating on Dover. This plan did not meet their minimum demands but Raeder pointed out that the preparation of the necessary landing craft, tugs, lighters, mine layers and mine sweepers was straining his resources to the limit and that all other naval work on new ships and submarines would be held up. September 21 was arranged as the crucial date and Raeder was told to get on with it.

The basic unit of the transport fleet was the large commercial river barge normally used for carrying freight. Their engines were not powerful and they would require towing. Ramps had to be constructed in their bows for unloading troops and vehicles. Five ferry steamers were required to transport amphibians and submersible tanks. All these craft were slow and dependent on fine weather. In addition large numbers of big motor boats, tugs, and steam trawlers must be provided and got to their assembly ports. Raeder suggested that invasion should only be considered as a last resort to force Britain to sue for peace, and suggested May, 1941, as the best time. On September 4 the Naval Staff reported that the assembly of personnel and material was being successfully carried out and could be completed in the time still available, but they emphasized that the operational aspects of mine laying and mine sweeping and the assembly of ships at invasion ports were still dependent on weather and on the effectiveness of the air war in preventing enemy interference. The report stressed the inadequate training of personnel, and that the officers who were to command the various fleets of transports were extremely dubious about their tasks.

There is no doubt that between July and September, 1940, Sea Lion was seriously considered, but between September 18 and 21 Colonel Warlimont made an extensive tour of the operational area and reported to Keitel and Jodl on the 23rd that even excluding the factor of enemy interference preparations were not yet finished. The operation could not have been carried out on September 21. As the month wore on it became increasingly evident that the Air Assault was not going to achieve victory or the initial situation required for invasion, and operation Sea Lion was shelved for the following three reasons: (1) failure to achieve air superiority; (2) failure to inflict such damage on British economy and morale as to cause a state of relapse, and (3) German weakness at sea.

The operational plans prepared for each branch of the armed forces are discussed in detail in the annex, and five appendices contain operational instructions. There are extensive notes on sources of information and a complete bibliography. A full index and five excellent maps conclude an exhaustive and most readable account of this abortive scheme.

ROBERT N. BAX

Operation Sea Lion. By Ronald Wheatley. Oxford University Press. 30s.

LOCARNO REVISITED

No other director of German foreign policy except Dr. Adenauer has had sufficient stature to be so frequently compared with Bismarck as Gustav Stresemann. But while Bismarck's creation, the Second German Empire, was only slowly and imperceptibly undermined until it broke down by the irresponsible dilettanti who, from the Kaiser downwards, were responsible for German foreign policy between 1890 and 1914, Stresemann's work as Foreign Minister was quickly undone by the sub-human Yahoos who became Germany's masters and the trained diplomats who, like Dr. Neurath, eagerly and obediently made themselves their tools. Stresemann died only 40 months before the end of the Weimar Republic whose foreign policy was so patently his life

work. Hitler as Chancellor reaped the benefits of Stresemann's achievements—the newly established international confidence in Germany and the end of the vindictive spirit of Versailles—and was thus able safely to prepare for his war of world conquest. This quick succession cast a doubt on Stresemann's motives: had he been the good European so frequently depicted or did he consciously prepare the way for a resurrection of Germany's military power—a power not necessarily combined with the brutality of the Third Reich?

This is of course an unfair question which no historian can answer; yet one can understand its being raised again and again. An objective evaluation of Stresemann's character and work is therefore to be welcomed, and Fraulein Dr. Thimme's brief biographical sketch deserves attention. Dr. Thimme was able to make full use of the unprinted material now available from the captured German archives, and which show that Stresemann was neither as good nor as bad as friend and foe see him. It is a pity her study is not expanded beyond a bare 130 pages. Many points still remain in which the reader would have liked more detail. Perhaps there will still be an opportunity for the author to publish a full length critical biography, for she appears to have ample material for such a work.

RICHARD BARKELEY

Gustav Stresemann: eine politische Biographie zur Geschichte der Weimarer Republic. By A. Thimme. Norddeutsche Verlagsanstalt O. Goedel, Hannover and Frankfurt-am-Main.

INDIAN RELIGIONS

Mr. Oppenheim is an enterprising and brilliant Danish writer, who seeks to catch the spirit of the countries which he visits. A year or two ago he wrote an illuminating book on Spain which was translated into English; and now he has written this study of the peoples and religions of India, which has been well translated and conveys something of the character of the landscape, the peoples, the religious ceremonies and ideals. He gives a vivid word-picture of Benares and of the less known holy city of Puri on the Bay of Bengal, with its "prodigious temple" of Jagganath, the God of the Juggernaut Car. Untiringly he seeks adventure. He suffers a terrifying experience at an entertainment in the palace of one of the former Rajput States, where his princely host gave him to drink a "special sherbet" of Bhang, that made him senseless. He witnessed—surprisingly—the ceremony of Sati, performed by a widow who threw herself on the funeral pyre of her husband. For it seems that in the new Independent India the prohibitions of the British Raj have lost their force. On the other hand he records gratefully the "sublime trustfulness" of the Indian today towards Europeans, which is owed to the amazing prestige the English have left behind. Sketches of places off the beaten track have a special and delicate charm, as where he describes the little port of Tranquebar, south of Madras, which was a Danish settlement in India of the seventeenth century and is still a fragment of Denmark. Again he gives a picture of an old Jewish community in Cochin on the Malabar Coast, and describes that settlement which traditionally goes back to the trading expeditions of King Solomon and was a miniature Jewish Kingdom from the fourth century till the coming of the Portuguese and the Inquisition in the sixteenth. He brings a fresh and sympathetic mind to the mysterious land. The book is illustrated by some original photographs of scenes of Indian life and of religious ceremonies.

NORMAN BENTWICH

A Barbarian in India. By Ralf Oppenheim. Phoenix House. 21s.

EVOLUTION AND FAITH

The subtitle of Dr. David Lack's book is "An Unresolved Conflict" and as a biologist he finds himself committed to two positions which cannot easily be harmonized. He is convinced of the adequacy of Darwinism as accounting

for biological evolution. He is also convinced that the evolutionary ethics favoured by Julian Huxley and C. H. Waddington are not tenable. Darwinism is no adequate basis for morality:

Darwin's great book included two fundamental ideas, first that the many different kinds of animals on the earth were not specially and individually created, but have been modified by gradual changes from pre-existing forms over a huge length of time, and secondly that the main agent of evolution has been natural selection.

Controversy turned on the adequacy of natural selection as Darwin understood it to account for the appearance of different kinds of animals by gradual changes from pre-existing forms over a huge length of time. Dr. Lack insists on natural selection as the main agent, and devotes a chapter to criticising Creative Evolution as expounded by Bergson, Canon Raven, Canon Smethurst and many others. He prefers to speak of "creative natural selection." The Christian will hesitate to attach the word "creative" either to evolution or to natural selection. God creates through the evolutionary process and through natural selection if that be the main agent in the process. As a biologist Dr. Lack is wedded to natural selection as the main agent in the evolution of animal life, but he rejects the theory that "man's moral behaviour has been evolved, directly or indirectly, by natural selection." Dr. Lack is reluctant to commit himself to this limitation of science, though the weight of his argument favours it. Since we cannot ground morality on science, Dr. Lack, basing himself on Newman, interprets faith as "an instrument of knowledge and action . . . independent of what is commonly understood by reason."

A somewhat different approach to faith is Dr. Paul Tillich's; he defines it as "the state of being ultimately concerned." It is an act of the human personality—the choice or discovery of an ultimate reality which calls for the surrender of all our powers, and promises to give meaning and fulfilment to our lives. Scientists and humanists live by faith as surely as do saints and mystics. We often regard as ultimate that which does not deserve to be so regarded. Hence our numerous idolatries, such as the *sacro egoismo* of the nationalist, or the fanatical devotion of the Marxist to the revolution, or the pursuit of physical and material well-being after which things the Gentiles seek. "The sceptic, so long as he is a serious sceptic, is not without faith, even though it has no concrete content . . . Truth is still his infinite passion." The language of faith is necessarily myth and symbol, and when we forget this we are liable to be entangled in doctrinal legalism. Of demythologization Dr. Tillich rightly says: "It must be accepted and supported if it points to the necessity of recognizing a symbol as a symbol and a myth as a myth. It must be attacked and rejected if it means the removal of symbols and myths altogether." Faith is a venture, a taking of risks. Dr. Tillich finds that this leaves room for what he calls existential doubt. But such doubt is confirmation of faith. It indicates the seriousness of the concern. We might almost say there lives more doubt in honest faith than in cynical unbelief. These two books supplement each other admirably.

H. G. WOOD

Evolutionary Theory and Christian Belief. By David Lack. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

Dynamics of Faith. By Paul Tillich. Allen & Unwin. 9s. 6d.

LIVES AND LETTERS

Newspaper Lords in British Politics (Macdonald. 5s.). C. J. Hambro, the Speaker of the Norwegian Parliament, is almost solely concerned, perhaps fascinated, by one of them. The Presbyterian minister's son, the boy from New Brunswick who was earning a living at 12, became the leading spirit in the creation of Canadian trusts—transport, hydro-electric power, coal, banks, steel, cement—and "was a millionaire in dollars by the age of 26, and in pounds by the age of 30." It was a short step to the House of Com-

mons and the political friendships and hatreds that all the world—aided by efficient propaganda—associates with the name of Beaverbrook. The 21 months in which he was Minister of Aircraft Production seem to have been the happiest in his life, and the author interprets the hunger for power as mainly a longing for a task. Readers will put down this little book, well-illustrated with pictures of places and people historically significant, feeling indeed that this is indeed “a stormy roaring life . . . crowded, and yet it has been without content.”

Some Memories (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.). Lord Percy of Newcastle—the Eustace Percy of between the wars—has a detachment from the political scenes of which he was a part, coupled with a graceful and sinewy literary style, that draws sighs of pleasure from the reader. Not for him the heats and rancours, the undercurrents and wire-pullings; and because of this aloofness, not for him the heights either, as he frankly says. The twelfth of the 13 children of the Duke of Northumberland “inherited a long-established pattern of family life” and watched in his parents the laborious sense of responsibility that often accompanies the silver spoon. The book is full of equally penetrating and satisfying portraits, as of Bryce, Lord Percy’s chief in Washington. This entirely to be recommended book ends with an account of his “working home” at Durham University where he was Vice-Chancellor and permanent Rector of King’s College, Newcastle.

The Necessary Hell (Cassell. 21s.). Michael Edwardes has used the lives of John (Viceroy) and Henry (Resident and Commissioner) Lawrence “to place nineteenth-century India into the perspective of the British-Indian Empire.” Quotations from other writings of the century are drawn upon in “an attempt to show what the Empire was really like in battlefield, council-chamber, and home.”

John Howard: Prison Reformer (Christopher Johnson. 18s.). D. L. Howard exposes, but finds it hard to unravel the complexities in the character, mind and work of the man whose early “adult life became devoted to the acquisition of gentlemanly esteem.” When he was Sheriff of the County of Bedford, the conditions in Bunyan’s prison had not altered much in the intervening decades and *The State of the Prisons* was the result. The reforming Congregationalist had begun a course that took him all over Europe, to share the lot of prisoners wherever he found them, and to make submissions to uncaring Governments for the mitigation of hardships. Howard, unable to co-operate in life, left no organization to push his plans after he died. Nevertheless, his emphasis on physical conditions made possible the Elizabeth Fry foray 25 years later, and led straight to the consideration of psychological and spiritual factors, a commonplace today.

Children Under Five (George Allen and Unwin. 21s.). J. W. B. Douglas and J. M. Blomfield present the results of a national survey by a joint committee of the Institute of Child Health, London University, the Society of Medical Officers of Health and the Population Investigation Committee. Parents and homes, growth, illness, and questions of special interest—such as separation and working mothers—are investigated and tabled statistically. And not once is the child’s emotional development, nor its physical welfare, obscured by the data.

Letters of John Cowper Powys to Louis Wilkinson (Macdonald. 30s.). The recipient edits and introduces this mighty collection covering the years 1935 to 1956, and modestly refrains from printing his own side of the correspondence which would make a volume almost as large. From an extraordinarily prolific family John Cowper still juts out as the “phenomenally fluent extempore writer” of the phrase of Mr. Wilkinson (better known as Louis Marlow), and if the “vein of irreverent knock-about buffoonery” sometimes tires, sometimes grates, such vitality, so much sheer industry, is

perennially fascinating to the rank and file of authors and a just reproach to the lazy among them.

Doctor Johnson and Others (Cambridge University Press. 18s. 6d.). These essays of S. C. Roberts "spring from a love of the biographical part of literature," a sure way to the hearts of most readers. The subjects are Thomas Fuller, Pepys and Boswell, Johnson the moralist, churchman and biographer adapting himself to fairyland, Thomas Gray of Pembroke, the clergymen James Beresford and Benjamin Beatson, and Max Beerbohm. The last is a brilliantly evocative piece of writing: "I prefer to recall his own dying words" we join with Mr. Roberts in saying "and to thank him for everything."

The Epic Strain in the English Novel (Chatto & Windus. 21s.). E. M. W. Tillyard continues his *English Epic and its Background* from the time when it forsook the traditional verse form. He clears the mind's muddiness for those who fear the novel form has lost direction and is falling to doom—clarification by classification, which is a good game anyway. Brave as it is difficult, stimulating as it is provocative, his choice includes *Robinson Crusoe*, *Tom Jones*, some of Scott, *Ulysses*, *Nostromo*, *Old Wives' Tale* rather than *Middlemarch*, tentatively *Vanity Fair* and the "oddity" *Moby Dick*.

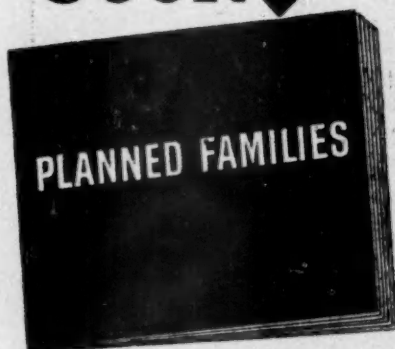
Art in Crisis (Hollis & Carter. 35s.). Hans Sedlmayr, Professor of Art at the University of Munich, discusses in this translation by Brian Battershaw the symptoms of disintegration and observes the search for a lost centre. Unity has been destroyed and the arts in isolation collapse "into the arms of the photographer and the engineer or fade away into the land of dream." He diagnoses the disease, apparent since the end of the eighteenth century, and regards today and its obsession with extinction as the turning point in the history of man. There are nearly 50 illustrations to objectify and adorn the theme.

The Soviet Cultural Scene 1956-1957 (Stevens. 27s. 6d.). Walter Z. Laqueur and George Lichtheim have made a selection of articles from the review *Soviet Survey*. The de-Stalinisation campaign had an immediate impact and, "since in the Soviet orbit everything leads back to the rule of the Communist party," unless its internal crises are understood "the discussion of intellectual tendencies" becomes sterile. So in the section Literature and the Arts there is an essay "Modernists v. social realists in music"; in History and Philosophy we have "Party history revised" and "The Soviet attitude to religion"; The Social Sciences and the Social Scene has "A Soviet view of psycho-analysis" followed by its "attitude to sociology"; and Part IV, Beyond the Soviet Frontiers, spotlights Poland and the background to Hungary's revolt. The editors cautiously suggest the extent to which official doctrines have recently been subjected to criticism and "with some reluctance" call the main theme of this survey the "new line." But they cannot prevent readers from daring to hope that liberalization is on the way.

Broadcasting: Sound and Television (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.). Mary Crozier, critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, tells in a packed, wise little book of the development of national radio in Britain and the Commonwealth, with the American system run on private enterprise and the Soviet completely State-controlled: "Other countries run the gamut between." She is particularly illuminating on the role and reign of the "telly" bogey in private life and public affairs, and one is cheered by her opinion of a possible third channel: "On past performance the BBC deserves it, and if television, with its attendant dangers, is to be used in Britain for waking people up rather than putting them to sleep, its claim seems stronger than that of the ITA."

GRACE BANYARD

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